

TEAM FORTRESS®

#5



VALVE

GRAY GRAVEL CO.



...BY THE TIME
WE GOT THERE, MOST
OF THE AUSTRALIUM
WAS GONE.

HONESTLY,
MANN, IT DIDN'T SOUND
LIKE THERE WAS MUCH
LEFT ANYWAY.



...BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE, MOST OF THE AUSTRALIUM WAS GONE.

HONESTLY, MANN, IT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE THERE WAS MUCH LEFT ANYWAY.

≡SIGH≡

WELL, NO MATTER. IT'S TRIVIAL COMPARED TO WHAT THE OLD WOMAN HAS MANAGED TO STOCKPILE.

YOU'RE CLOSE TO IDENTIFYING HER LOCATION?



WE'RE INTERROGATIN' 'EM NOW. SHOULD HAVE SOMETHIN' FOR YOU WITHIN THE HOUR.



Y'KNOW, I NEVER UNDERSTOOD YOU WORLD DOMINATION GUYS.

TOO MUCH WORK.

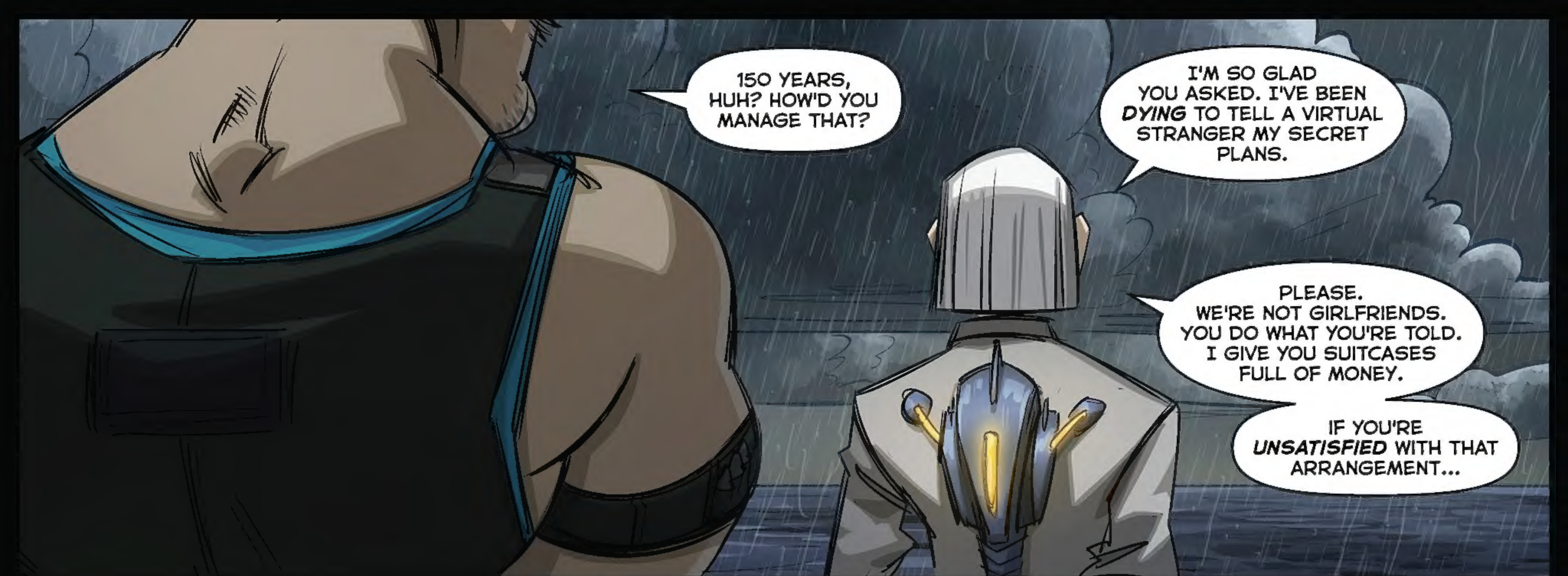
I MEAN— WHEN'RE YOU GONNA GET TO ENJOY IT? YOU'LL BE A HUNDRED GODDAMN YEARS OLD BY THE TIME YOU TAKE OVER THE WORLD.



MM.

CLOSER TO 150 GODDAMN YEARS, BY MY ESTIMATE.

LUCKILY, I WAS SMART ENOUGH TO PLAN AHEAD.

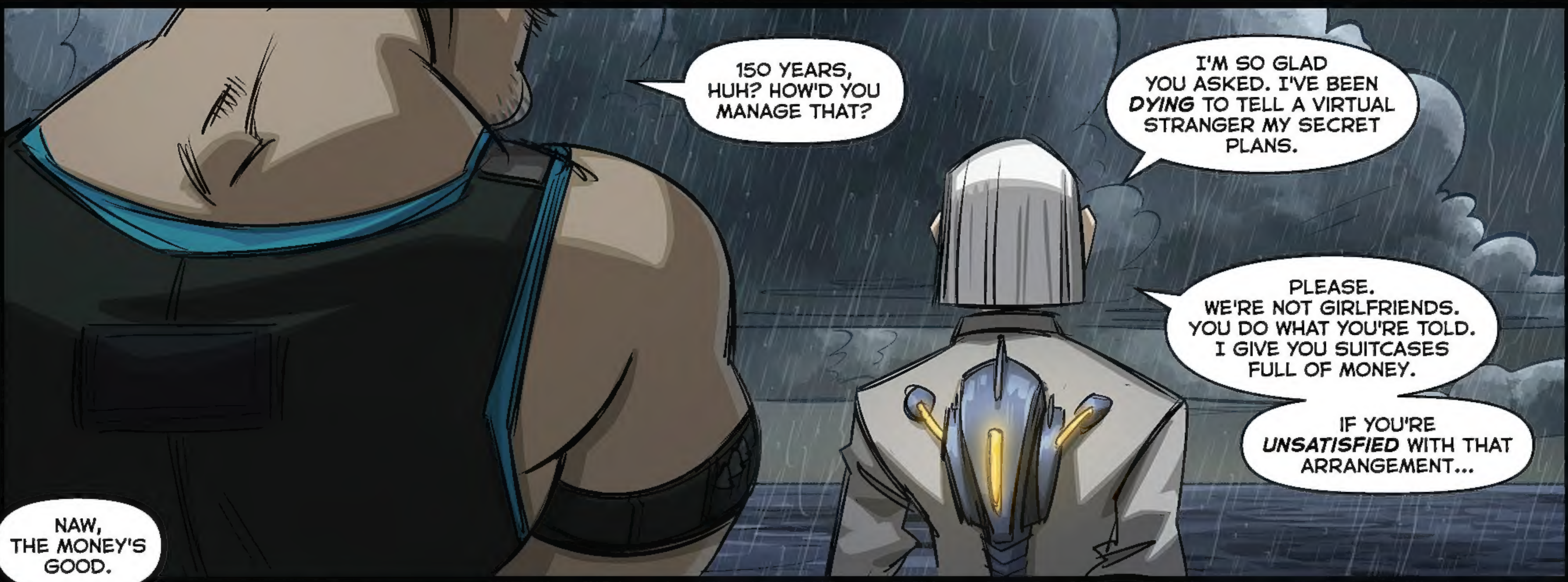


150 YEARS,
HUH? HOW'D YOU
MANAGE THAT?

I'M SO GLAD
YOU ASKED. I'VE BEEN
DYING TO TELL A VIRTUAL
STRANGER MY SECRET
PLANS.

PLEASE.
WE'RE NOT GIRLFRIENDS.
YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.
I GIVE YOU SUITCASES
FULL OF MONEY.

IF YOU'RE
UNSATISFIED WITH THAT
ARRANGEMENT...



150 YEARS, HUH? HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT?

I'M SO GLAD YOU ASKED. I'VE BEEN DYING TO TELL A VIRTUAL STRANGER MY SECRET PLANS.

PLEASE. WE'RE NOT GIRLFRIENDS. YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD. I GIVE YOU SUITCASES FULL OF MONEY.

IF YOU'RE UNSATISFIED WITH THAT ARRANGEMENT...

NAW, THE MONEY'S GOOD.



I'M JUST STARTIN' TO WONDER ABOUT THOSE ROCKS YOU BEEN SENDIN' US AFTER.

MM. THAT'S QUITE A MYSTERY. PERHAPS ONCE YOU RETIRE WITH ALL MY MONEY, YOU CAN START AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BUT FOR NOW, ALL I NEED IS YOUR MUSCLE.

I'M THE BRAINS.



YEAH, WELL...

THEY MUST BE RUBBIN' OFF.

'CAUSE NOW YOU GOT ME THINKIN'.

THE BOYS AND I...



WE AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER.

SNAG

GLGK



MAGGOT,
YOU HAVE PICKED
THE *WRONG MAN* TO
INTERROGATE!

I HAVE
DREAMED OF THE
DAY WHEN I FINALLY
KNEW SOMETHING WORTH
RESISTING TORTURE
OVER!

YOU DO
YOUR WORST!
I AM *HAPPY* TO DIE!
HOLDING MY OWN GUTS IN!
LYING TO MYSELF THAT I'M
GOING TO MAKE IT! CRADLING
MY BROKEN BODY IN MY
ARMS WHILE I SCREAM
AT THE SKY!

NOT SECRETS,
THOUGH! THE ONLY THINGS
THE SKY'S PRYING OUT OF *THIS*
COURAGE-HOLE ARE COMMONLY
KNOWN FACTS! BECAUSE
I AM A VAULT!

PART FIVE:

OLD WOUNDS

I ADMIT YOU'VE
PROVEN *RESILIENT*,
MISTER DOE.

BIZARRELY
ENTHUSIASTIC,
EVEN.

OORAH.

THOUGH I
SHOULD POINT OUT I
HAVEN'T ASKED YOU ANY
QUESTIONS YET.

WELL, DON'T
WASTE TOO MUCH
TIME THINKING ANY
UP, LADY.

ALL YOU'RE
GETTING FROM *THIS* ACTUAL
MARINE IS NAME, RANK AND
SERIAL NUMBER.



I ADMIT YOU'VE
PROVEN *RESILIENT*,
MISTER DOE.

BIZARRELY
ENTHUSIASTIC,
EVEN.

OORAH.

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ALL YOU'RE
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WHERE...

IS...

THE
ADMINISTRATOR.



I ADMIT YOU'VE
PROVEN *RESILIENT*,
MISTER DOE.

BIZARRELY
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WELL, DON'T
WASTE TOO MUCH
TIME THINKING ANY
UP, LADY.

ALL YOU'RE
GETTING FROM *THIS* ACTUAL
MARINE IS NAME, RANK AND
SERIAL NUMBER.



OH, FOR...

I DON'T
EVEN *KNOW* THE
ANSWER TO THAT ONE.
ONLY MISS PAULING
KNOWS THAT.

ASK ME
SOMETHING I *DO* KNOW!
BECAUSE I WILL STAY
BRAVELY SILENT!

SO.


MISS
PAULING
KNOWS.



WHERE...

IS...

THE
ADMINISTRATOR.



I—



I ADMIT YOU'VE
PROVEN *RESILIENT*,
MISTER DOE.

BIZARRELY
ENTHUSIASTIC,
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OORAH.

THOUGH I
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ASK ME
SOMETHING I *DO* KNOW!
BECAUSE I WILL STAY
BRAVELY SILENT!

SO.

MISS
PAULING
KNOWS.

WHERE...

IS...

THE
ADMINISTRATOR.

I—

YOU ARE
GOING TO HAVE TO
TORTURE THAT OUT
OF ME.



"TORTURE"
IMPLIES THAT YOU STILL
HAVE SOMETHING I NEED,
MISTER DOE.





OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

≈AH HUHE≈

≈AH HUHE≈

YOU'RE NEXT.









WHAT DO WE NEED TO KNOW FROM HIM?

NOTHIN'. HE'S WORTHLESS.

OH...

WELL HELL, BEA...

...HE PROBABLY KNOWS SOMETHIN', RIGHT?

GO FISHIN'.



HA! WAIT.

WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKIN'?



ALMOST FORGOT THIS.



WHAT DO WE NEED TO KNOW FROM HIM?

NOTHIN'. HE'S WORTHLESS.

OH...

WELL HELL, BEA...

...HE PROBABLY KNOWS SOMETHIN', RIGHT?

GO FISHIN'.



HA! WAIT.

WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKIN'?



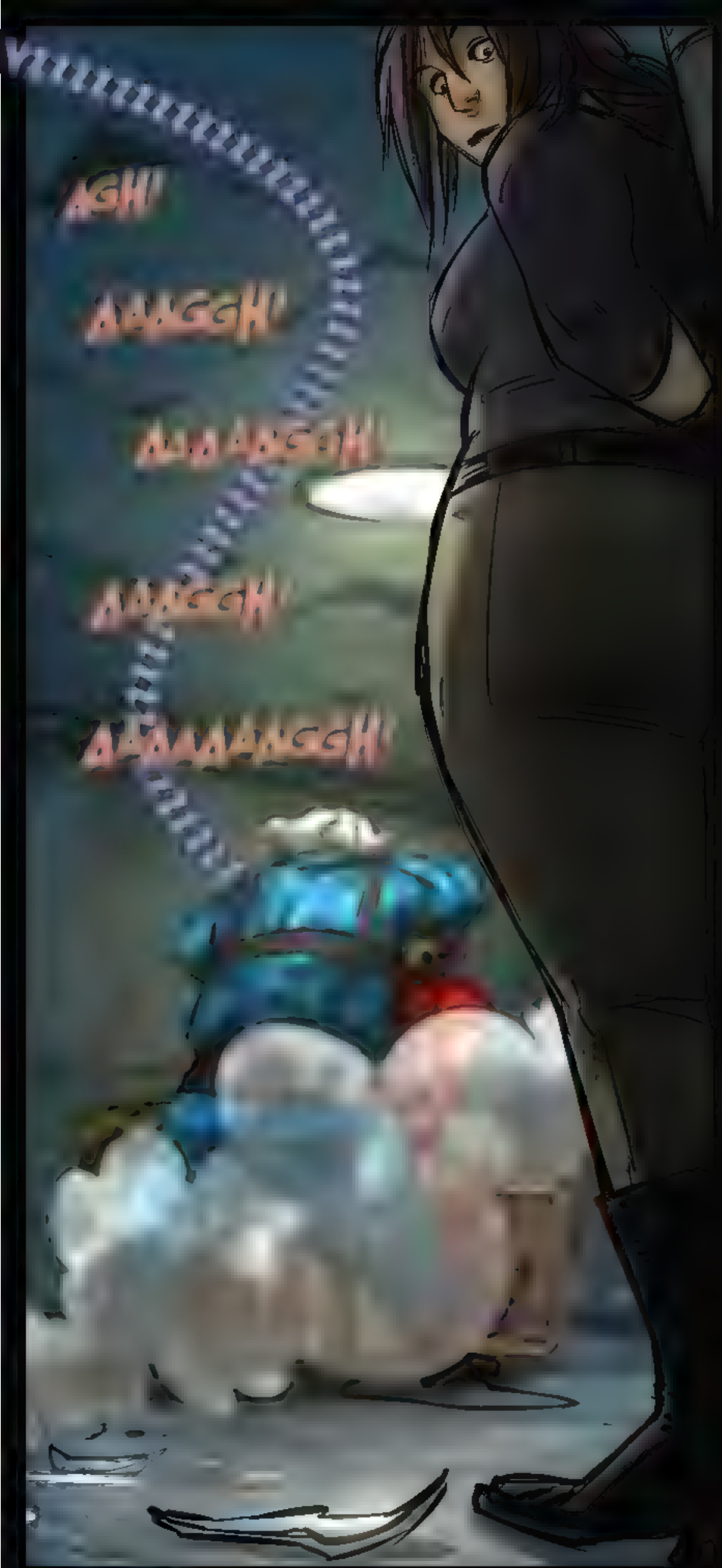
RRRRRIP



PACE YOURSELF, BEA.

THERE'S MORE ON THE WAY.

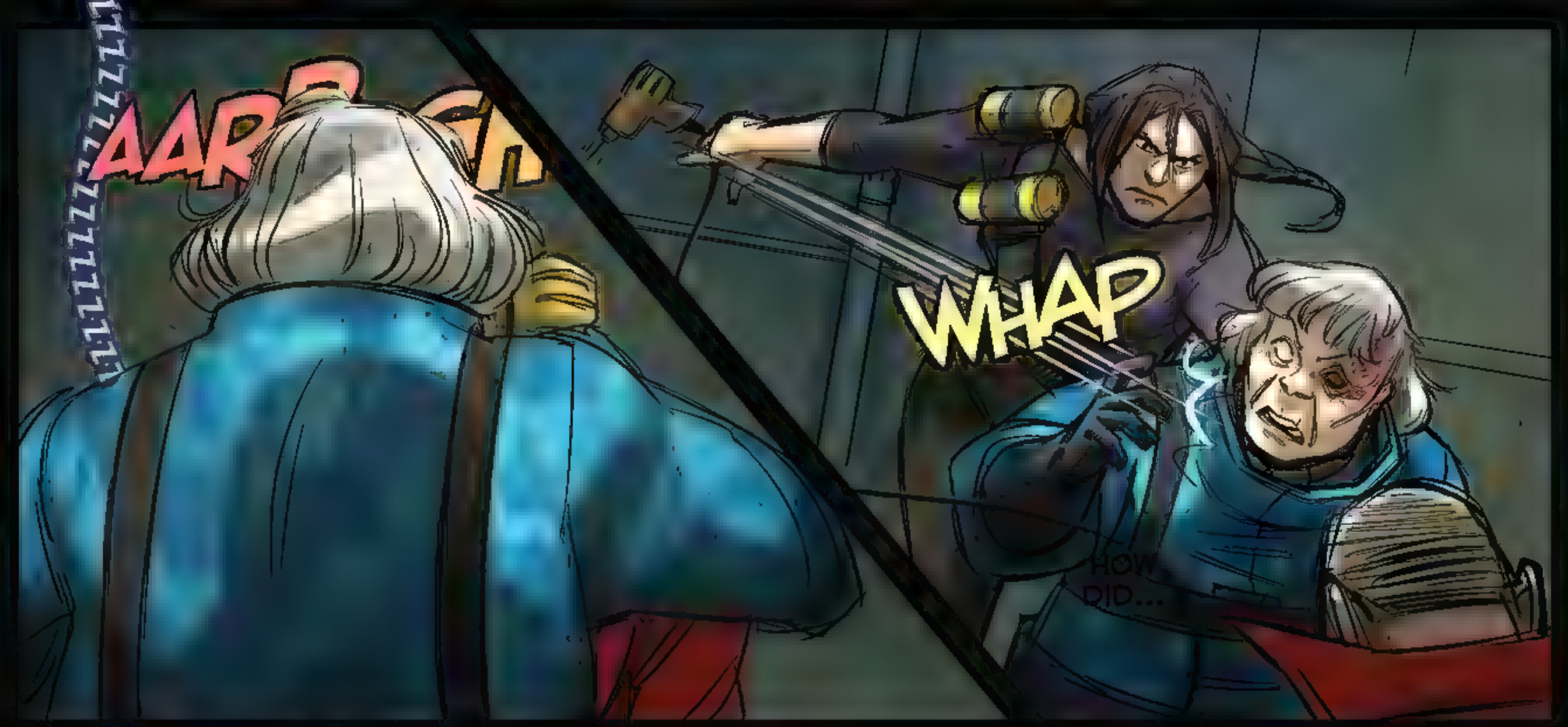




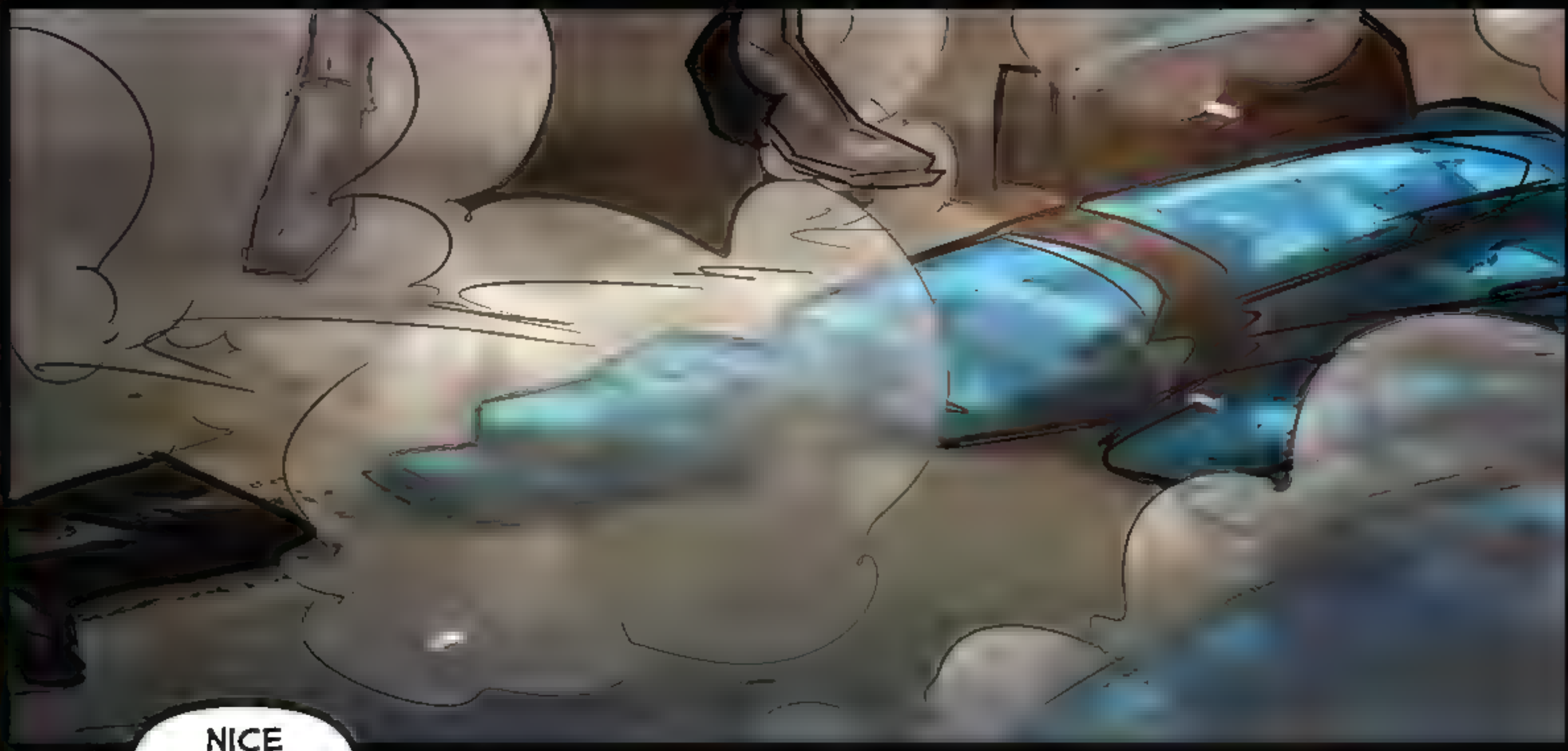








PAW-IMP



NICE
WORK,
ZHANNA!

HOW'D YOU
GET OUT OF THOSE
HANDCUFFS?

WAIT, I KNOW.
THE OLLLD DISLOCATING
THUMB TRICK.

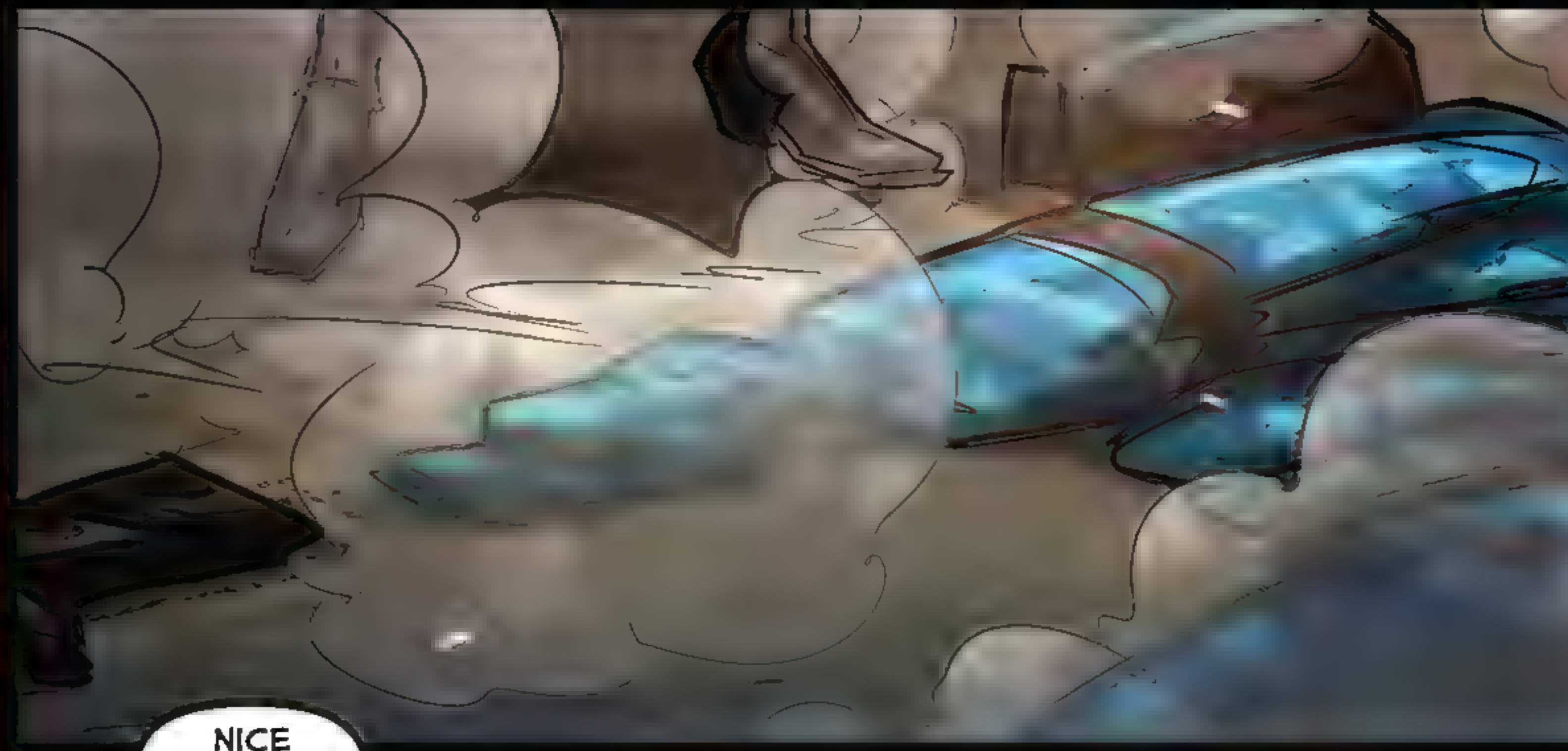


YES.
I TRY THIS
TRICK.

IT DID
NOT WORK.
IT JUST HURT
MY THUMB.

THEN
HOW DID
YOU...

PAW-IMP



NICE WORK, ZHANNA!

HOW'D YOU GET OUT OF THOSE HANDCUFFS?

WAIT, I KNOW. THE OLLD DISLOCATING THUMB TRICK.



THUMB DOES NOT HURT ANYMORE.



THEN HOW DID YOU...

IT DID NOT WORK. IT JUST HURT MY THUMB.

YES. I TRY THIS TRICK.



NOW I AM
HANDLESS
MONSTER...

WHAT?
NO!

SON, YOU LOOK
RAVISHING! DO YOU
HEAR ME, YOU PIECE
OF GARBAGE? YOU
ARE RAVISHING!

I DID
NOT KNOW
THEY **STACKED**
RAVISHING THAT
HIGH!

AWWW.

ZHANNA'S
LITTLE MAGGOT-
BEAR.

YOU ARE
DRILL SERGEANT
OF MY HEART.

SPLURT





SWEETIE,
I COULD BERATE
YOU WITH SWEET
NOTHINGS ALL
DAY...

...BUT YOU ARE
LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD.
LET ME MAKE YOU
A TOURNIQUET.



SWEETIE,
I COULD BERATE
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LET ME MAKE YOU
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...BUT YOU ARE
LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD.
LET ME MAKE YOU
A TOURNIQUET.



THERRE
WE GO!

DON'T SWEAT
THIS, I LOSE HANDS
ALL THE TIME.

YOU JUST
SEW IT BACK ON,
DRINK A LOT OF BEER,
AND WHEN YOU COME
TO, YOU'RE BACK IN
THE BOTH-HANDS
BUSINESS.



SEE?
GOOD AS
NEW!



SWEETIE,
I COULD BERATE
YOU WITH SWEET
NOTHINGS ALL
DAY...

...BUT YOU ARE
LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD.
LET ME MAKE YOU
A TOURNIQUET.



THERRE
WE GO!

DON'T SWEAT
THIS, I LOSE HANDS
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YOU JUST
SEW IT BACK ON,
DRINK A LOT OF BEER,
AND WHEN YOU COME
TO, YOU'RE BACK IN
THE BOTH-HANDS
BUSINESS.



flop



SWEETIE, I COULD BERATE YOU WITH SWEET NOTHINGS ALL DAY...

...BUT YOU ARE LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD. LET ME MAKE YOU A TOURNIQUET.



THERRE WE GO!

DON'T SWEAT THIS, I LOSE HANDS ALL THE TIME.

YOU JUST SEW IT BACK ON, DRINK A LOT OF BEER, AND WHEN YOU COME TO, YOU'RE BACK IN THE BOTH-HANDS BUSINESS.



NORMALLY THAT IS EXCRUCIATING.

LUCKILY ALL MY BODY'S PAIN RECEPTORS ARE BUSY IN MY MOUTH RIGHT NOW.



COME ON, LET'S GO BREAK OUT THE OTHERS.

YES. WE MUST STOP MISS PAULING.

SHE IS WEAK. SHE WILL TALK.

WAIT...



TAKE...

...TAKE ME WITH YOU...



SOLDIER!
THERE IS MUMMY
IN ROOM WITH
US!

OHhh,
I KNEW THIS
DAY WOULD
COME.

QUICKLY, ZHANNA!
GO FIND ME SOME
HONEY WHILE I TAKE
MY PANTS OFF!

YES!
I WILL ALSO
TAKE PANTS OFF!

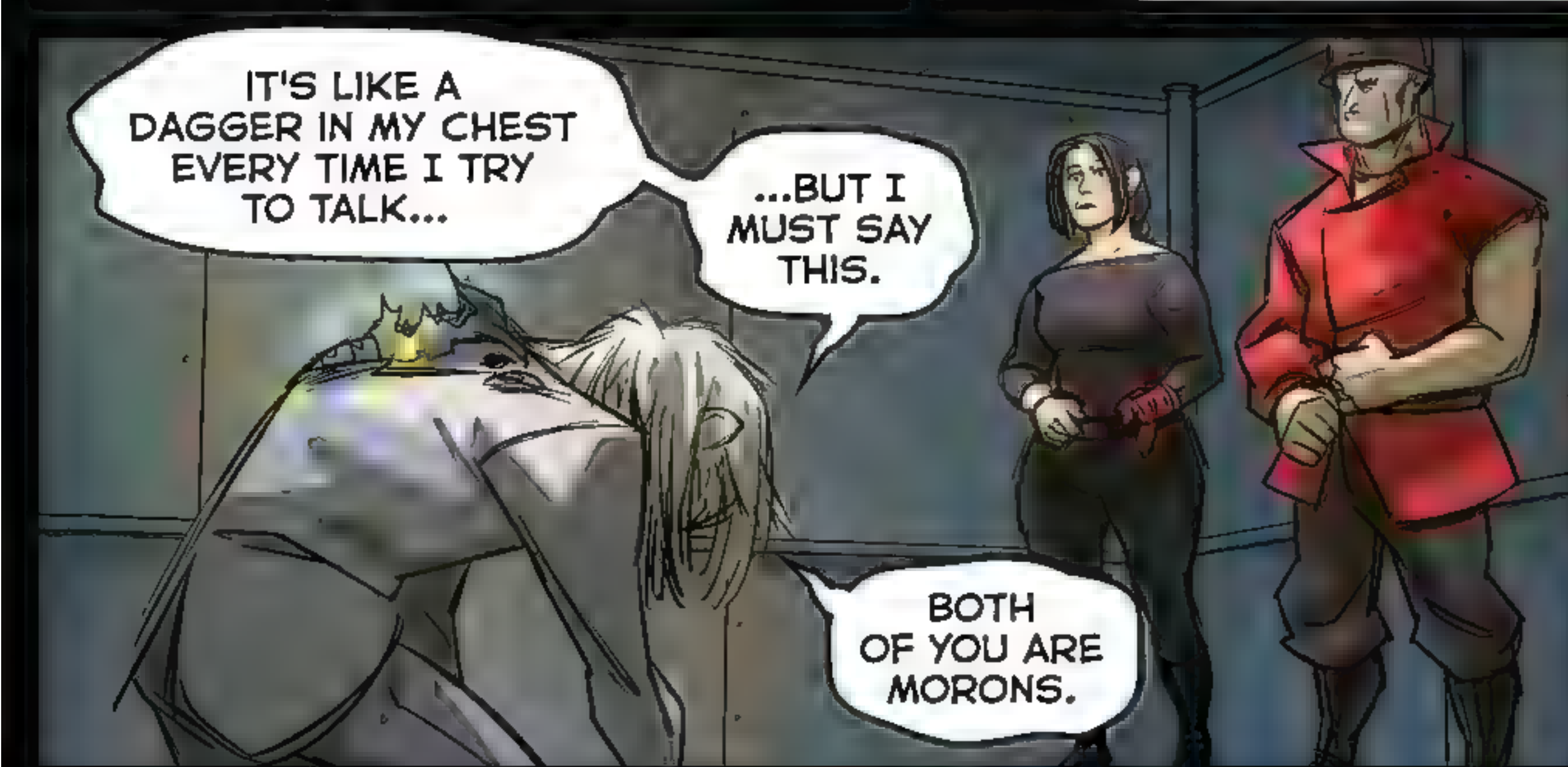


I DON'T...
HAVE MUCH
TIME LEFT.

I'M
BEGGING
YOU...

PLEASE
KEEP YOUR
PANTS ON.

STAND DOWN,
ZHANNA. THIS MIGHT
NOT BE A MUMMY.



IT'S LIKE A
DAGGER IN MY CHEST
EVERY TIME I TRY
TO TALK...

...BUT I
MUST SAY
THIS.

BOTH
OF YOU ARE
MORONS.



YOU MUST...
TAKE ME TO
PAULING.

PLEASE.



FOR THE
LOVE A' GOD,
DUNNAE DO
THIS.

I'M
BEGGIN'
YE.



PLEASE.

FOR THE LOVE A' GOD, DUNNAE DO THIS.

I'M BEGGIN' YE.

NOT MY PROBLEM.

I AM WALKING OUT OF YOUR RECTUM AND INTO A BETTER LIFE.

ACH! YOU'LL COME CRAWLIN' BACK UP SOON ENOUGH.

TAVISH, I'M LEAVING YOU.

AWWW, LIVER, COME ON. I LOVE YE!

I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YE, YE KNOW THAT!

HEART. STOP PUMPIN' BLOOD. I'VE GOT A REAL JOB FOR YE.

I'M ON IT, SIR!

I'LL HELP TOO!

ALRIGHT. HEART, FIGURE OUT WHAT THE LIVER DID.

LUNGS, YOU GUARD MY RECTUM. LIVER AIN'T WELCOME HERE ANYMORE.

POOR GUY. WHAT'D THEY DOSE HIM WITH? SODIUM PENTATHOL?

SOLID FOOD AND WATER.

HIS BODY'S SPENT TEN YEARS WRESTLING NUTRIENTS OUT OF GRAIN ALCOHOL AND ASPIRIN.

I EXPECT IT THINKS IT'S BEEN POISONED.

SIGH

YOU GOT ANY TINY LOCKPICKS IN THOSE FAKE TEETH OF YOURS?

SADLY, NO. I WENT THROUGH MOST OF MY MOUTH INVENTORY IN TEUFORT.

UNLESS YOU CAN UNLOCK MANACLES WITH A MINIATURE PASSPORT AND THE WORLD'S SMALLEST ROLL OF TOILET PAPER, I THINK WE'RE STUCK HERE.

I HAVE SCREWED THIS UP SO BAD, HAVEN'T I?

OH, DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP TOO MUCH.

DURING YOUR TENURE AS OUR SUPERVISOR, ONLY ONE OF US HAS DIED AS A RESULT OF YOUR DECISION-MAKING.

STATISTICALLY, THAT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.

OF COURSE, WE'LL ALL BE DEAD WITHIN THE HOUR.

SO IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, THIS MOMENT IS ACTUALLY THE HIGH POINT OF THE REMAINDER—





SOB



≡SNIFF≡



MISS PAULING...

I WILL NOT LET THEM TORTURE US.

IN THREE SECONDS, I'M GOING TO CRACK A CYANIDE MOLAR.

IF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I'LL SPIT HALF OF IT INTO YOUR THROAT BEFORE MY HEART STOPS.



THANK YOU, SPY.

DE RIEN.



RRRRRRRARGH!

WHAM



≡PANT≡

≡PANT≡

WHAT DID HEAVY MISS?



HEAVY! THANK GOD! WHERE'S SCOUT?

BREAKING OUT THE OTHERS.

ALRIGHT! THIS IS GOOD. WE'RE BACK IN THE GAME. WE JUST NEED TO ESCAPE, AND...



NO. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS PATROLLING THIS ISLAND.

I BARELY MADE IT HERE ON MY OWN.

IF WE TRY TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT, WE ALL DIE. IF WE TRY TO SNEAK OUT, THEY WILL SPOT US. AND WE ALL DIE.

BUT... HEAVY, WE'RE SO CLOSE!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!



NO. WE DO NOT.

YOU MUST ESCAPE, MISS PAULING.

GET TO THE ADMINISTRATOR AND COMPLETE THIS MISSION.

I WILL STAY BEHIND AND MAKE DISTRACTION.



AGAINST AN ARMY? HEAVY, YOU'D ONLY BUY US A FEW SECONDS!

YOU WILL HAVE TIME.

I CAN MAKE VERY BIG DISTRACTION.

LET'S JUST... LET'S JUST THINK ABOUT THIS, OKAY? WE COULD...

MISS PAULING. IT IS ONLY WAY.



I...



MIKHAIL, WE ACCEPT. IT IS A VERY NOBLE GESTURE.

IT WILL ALSO BE A COMPLETELY IRRELEVANT ONE IF WE STAND AROUND BEING TOUCHED BY IT ALL DAY.

WE NEED TO LEAVE RIGHT NOW. SOMEONE UNCHAIN ME.



RIGHT. LEAN FORWARD.

LOOK, HEAVY, IF YOU...

WHEN YOU MEET BACK UP WITH US, THE COORDINATES ARE 32.3451° NORTH, 106.5614° WEST.

THAT'S WHERE THE ADMINISTRATOR TOLD ME TO FIND HER.



I CAN'T BUDGE THIS. HEAVY, CAN YOU...

RINNNNNNNNNNNNG

WHAT THE HELL IS...

HEAVY, BEHIND YOU!



RINNNNNNNNNNNNG



MIKHAIL, WE ACCEPT. IT IS A VERY NOBLE GESTURE.

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WHAT THE HELL IS...

HEAVY, BEHIND YOU!



I AM WORKING HERE.

URGENT CALL. IT'S THE BOSS.



WHAT.

YES, I HEARD IT. WHY-

WHEN? IS BEATRICE ALRIGHT?

SIGH NO, I CAN HELP. WE GOT WHAT WE NEEDED. 32.3451° NORTH, 106.5614° WEST.



I'VE GOT TO GO.

WHAT ABOUT THESE GUYS?



WHAT DO YOU THINK?



MIKHAIL, WE ACCEPT. IT IS A VERY NOBLE GESTURE.

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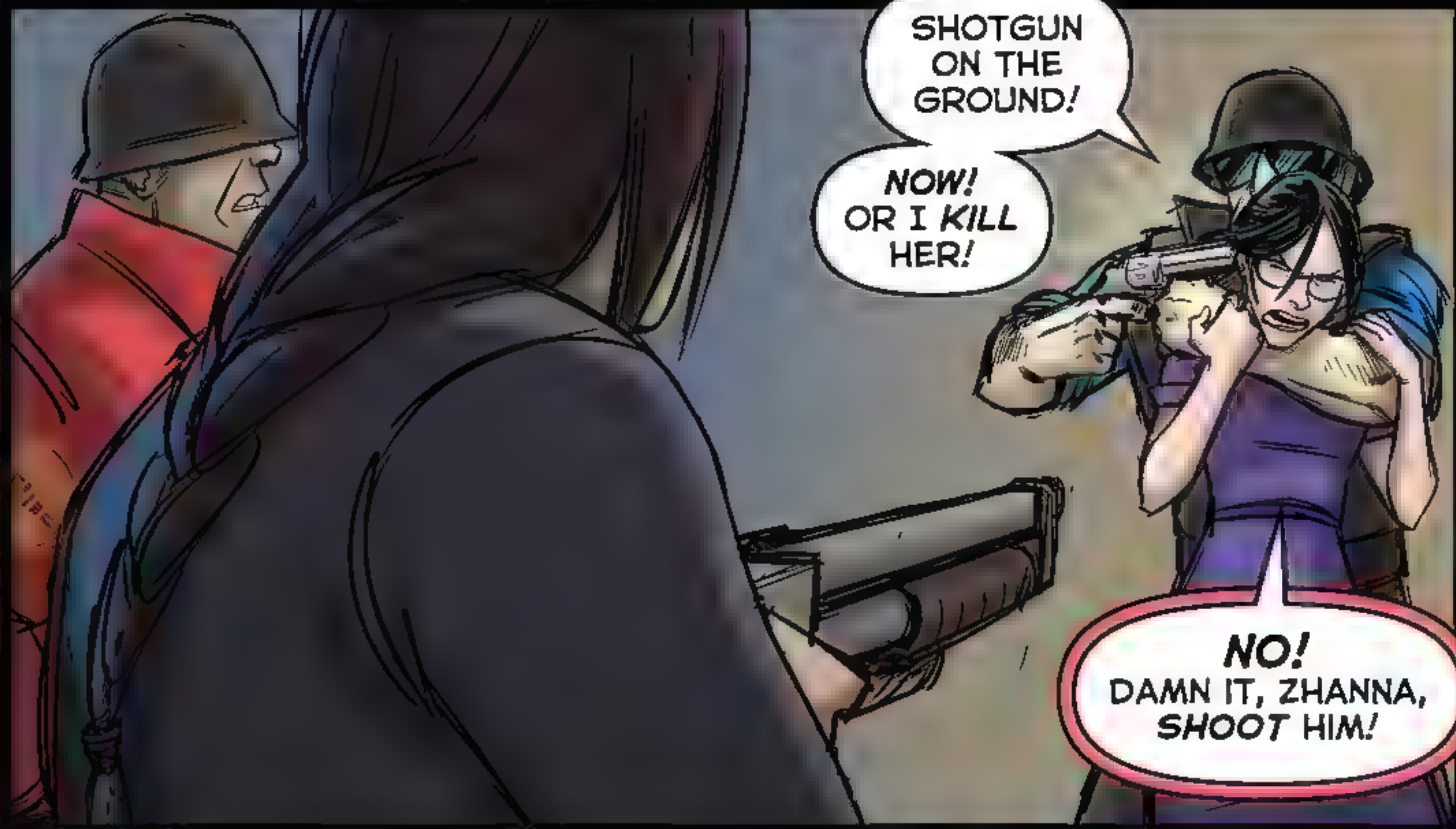


WHAT DO YOU THINK?

KILL THEM.







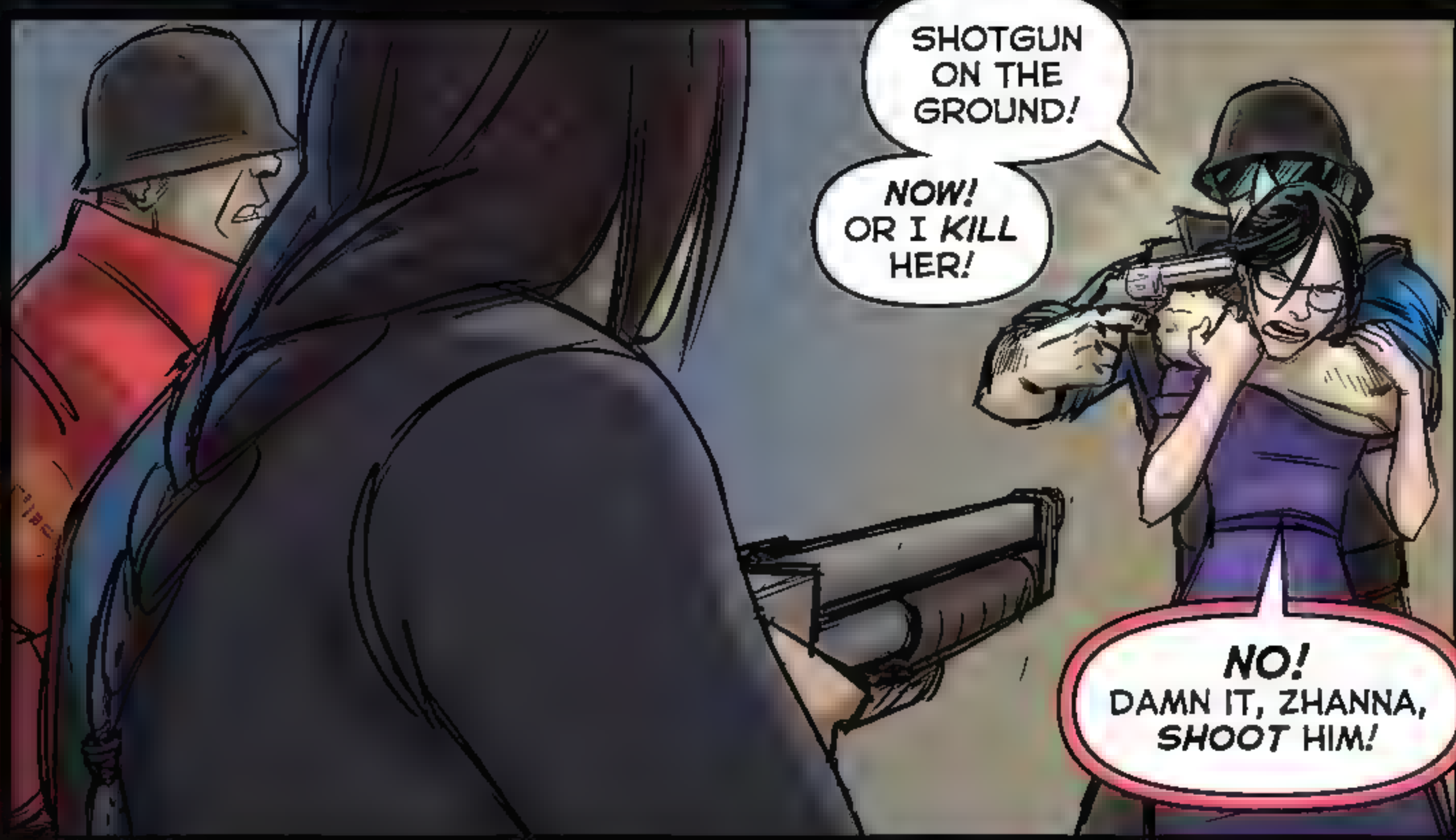
SHOTGUN
ON THE
GROUND!

NOW!
OR I KILL
HER!

NO!
DAMN IT, ZHANNA,
SHOOT HIM!



GOOD.
NICE AND SLOW.
NOW PUT YOUR
HANDS ON-



SHOTGUN ON THE GROUND!

NOW!
OR I KILL HER!

NO!
DAMN IT, ZHANNA,
SHOOT HIM!



GOOD.
NICE AND SLOW.
NOW PUT YOUR
HANDS ON-



WHAM

TONK



THUD



HELLO.

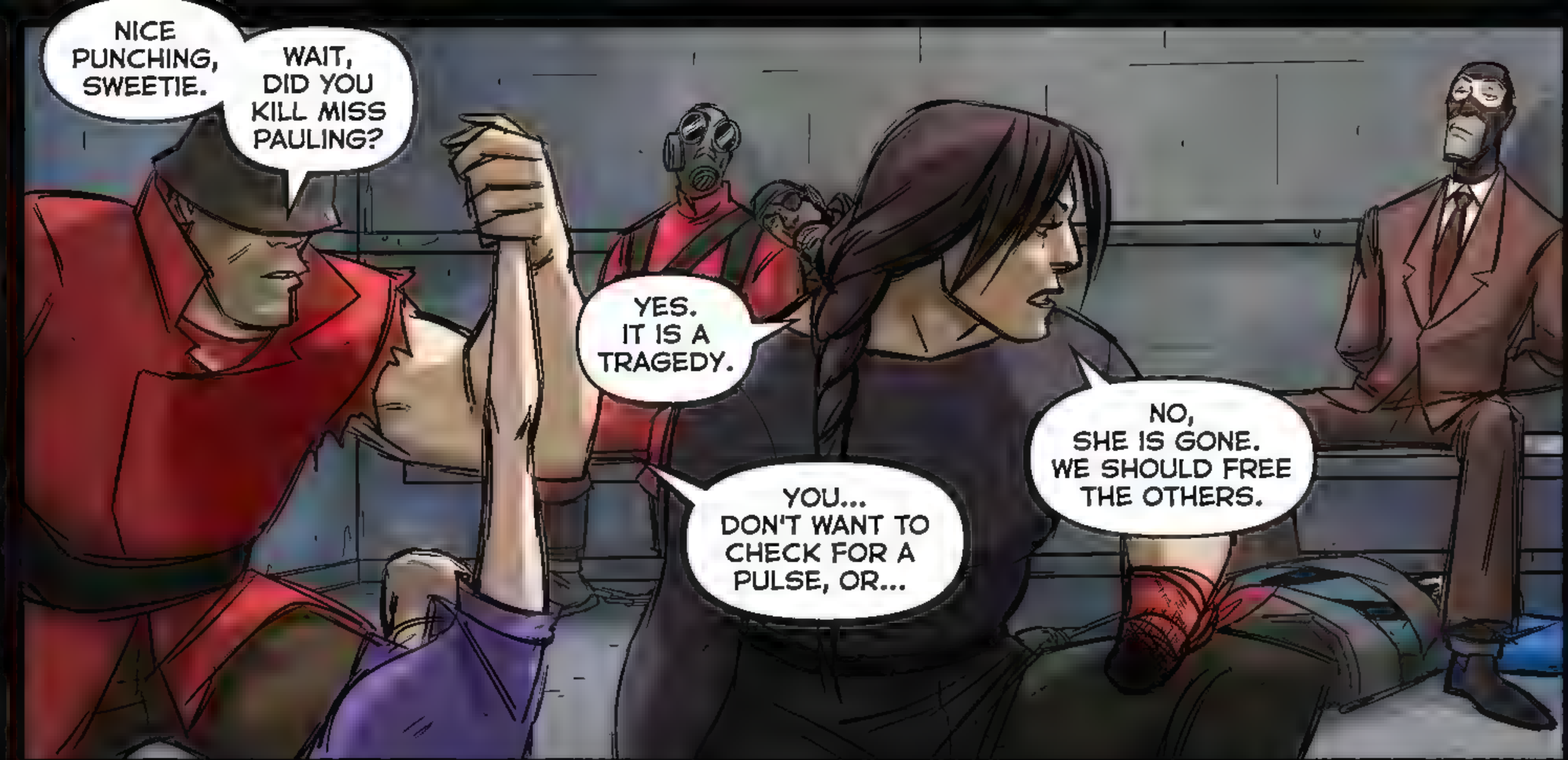






GLK

GLK



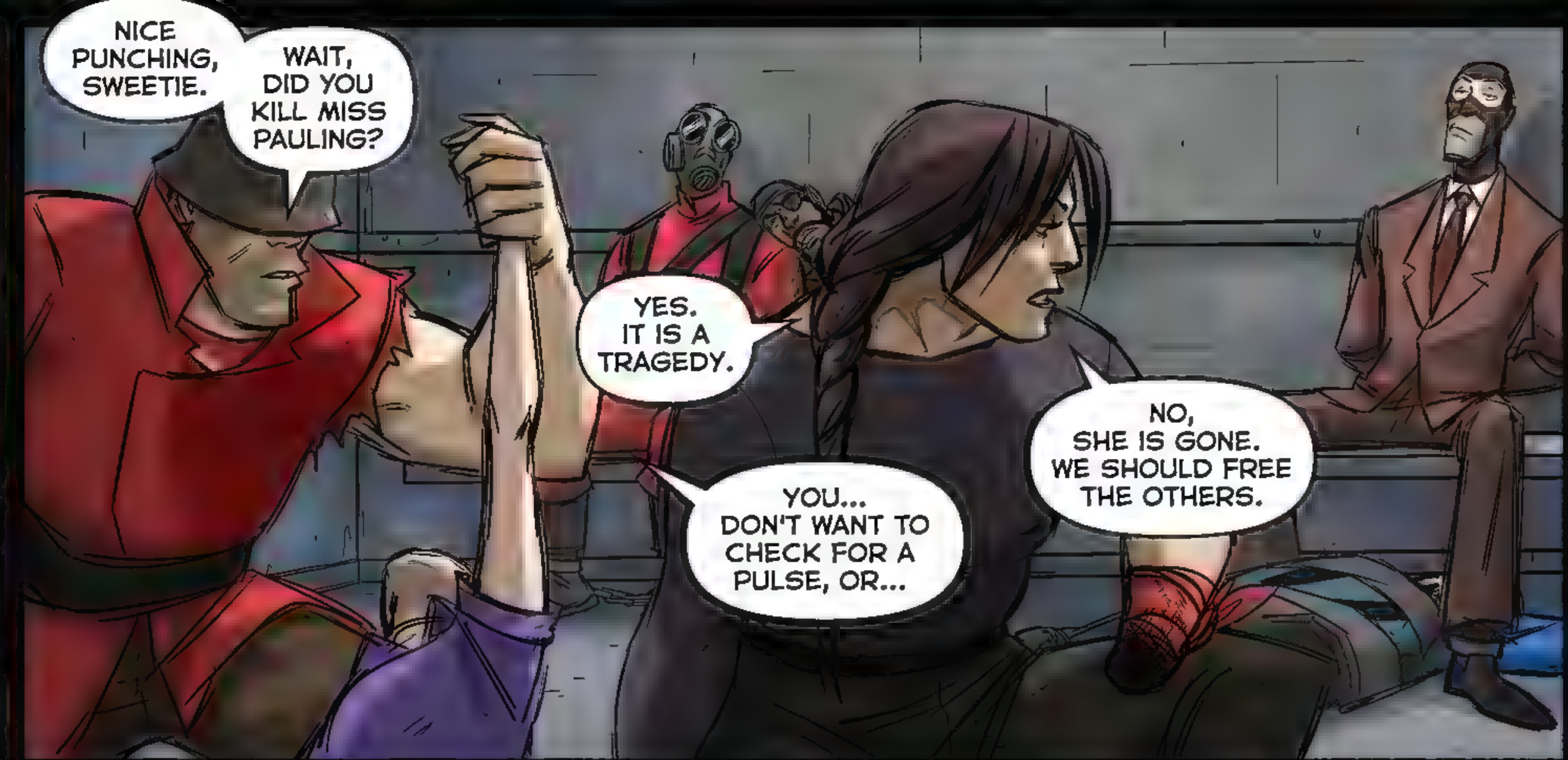
NICE PUNCHING, SWEETIE.

WAIT, DID YOU KILL MISS PAULING?

YES. IT IS A TRAGEDY.

YOU... DON'T WANT TO CHECK FOR A PULSE, OR...

NO, SHE IS GONE. WE SHOULD FREE THE OTHERS.





ZHANNA, LOOK! THEY'VE GOT A TOILET IN HERE!

WOW. THIS... IS NICE TOILET.

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'. THESE MAGGOTS GOT THE *PENTHOUSE* TORTURE CHAMBER.

DEAR GOD, THERE'S EVEN A *HOLE* IN THE BOTTOM! THEY MUST HAVE STOLEN THIS TOILET FROM THE *PRESIDENT!* WE'RE GOING TO BE *HEROES!*

LET'S CLEAN UP THAT SEVERED HAND OF YOURS. I DON'T THINK THE *PRESIDENT* WILL MIND.

SO...



YOU COST US OUR *JOBS.*

YOU HIRED A GANG OF MANIACS TO CABDURE AND TORTURE US.

YOU GOT SNIBER KILLED.

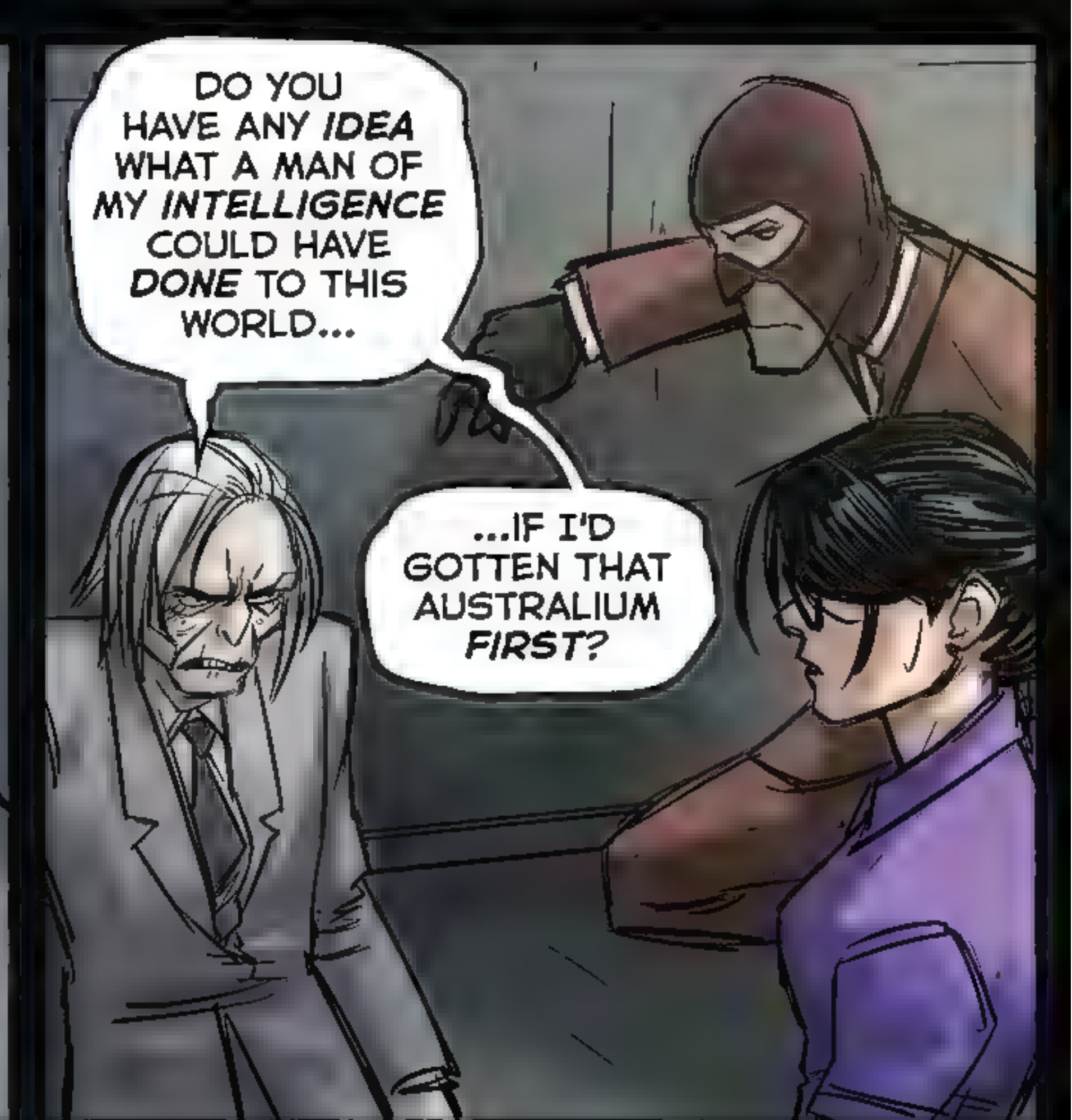
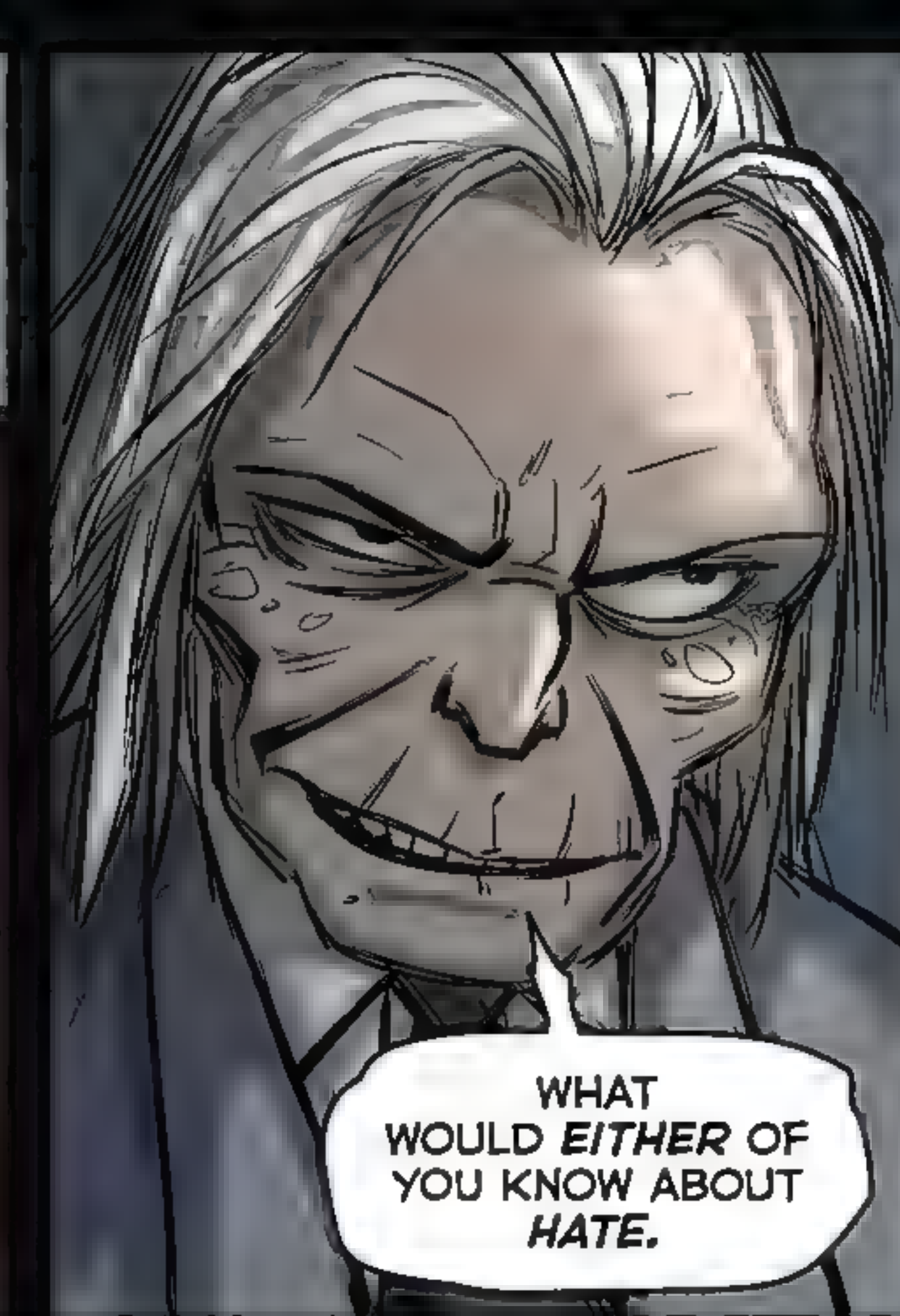
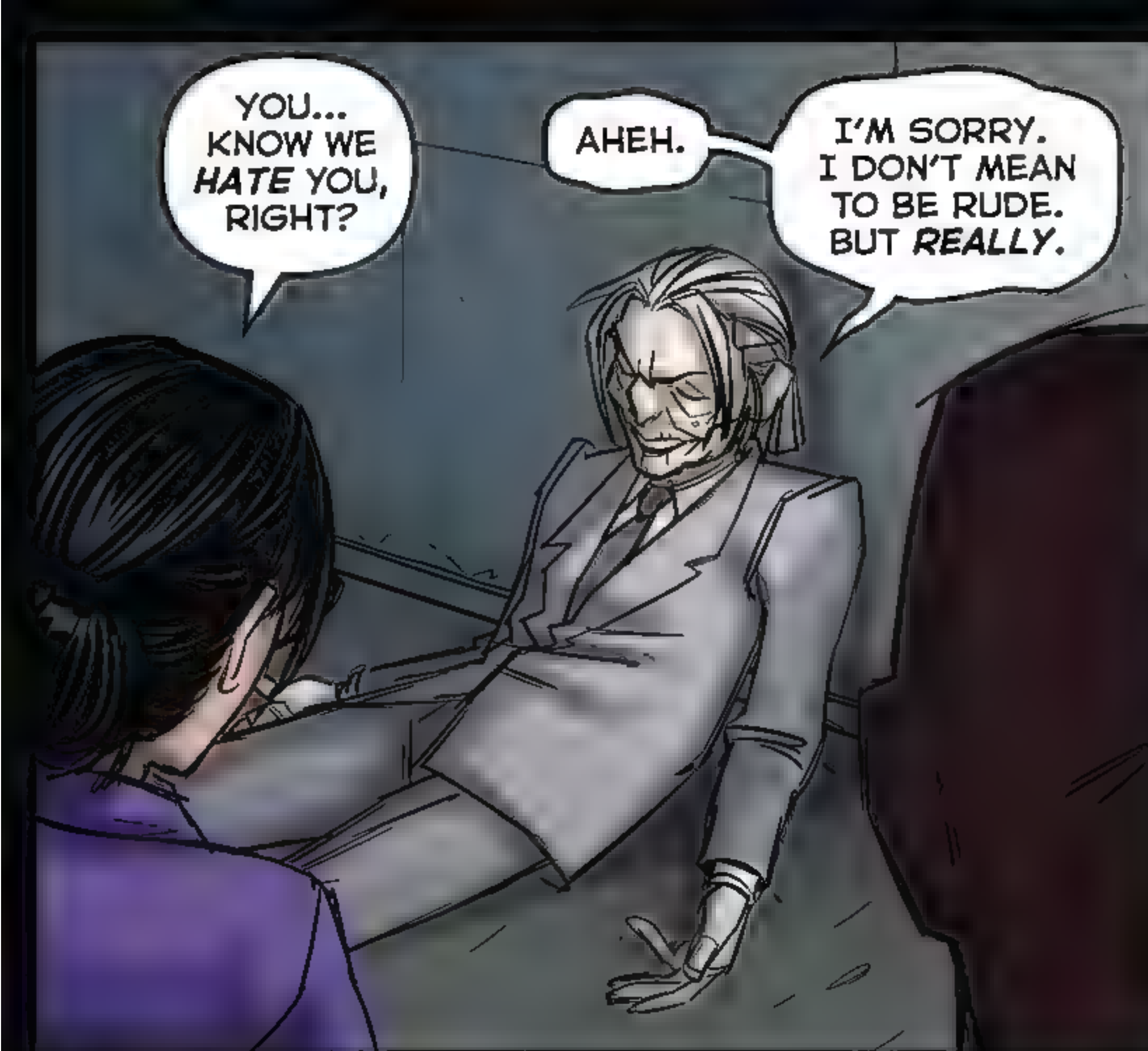
AND NOW THAT YOU'RE *DYING*, YOU WANT US TO...

HEL**B** YOU.



COUGH

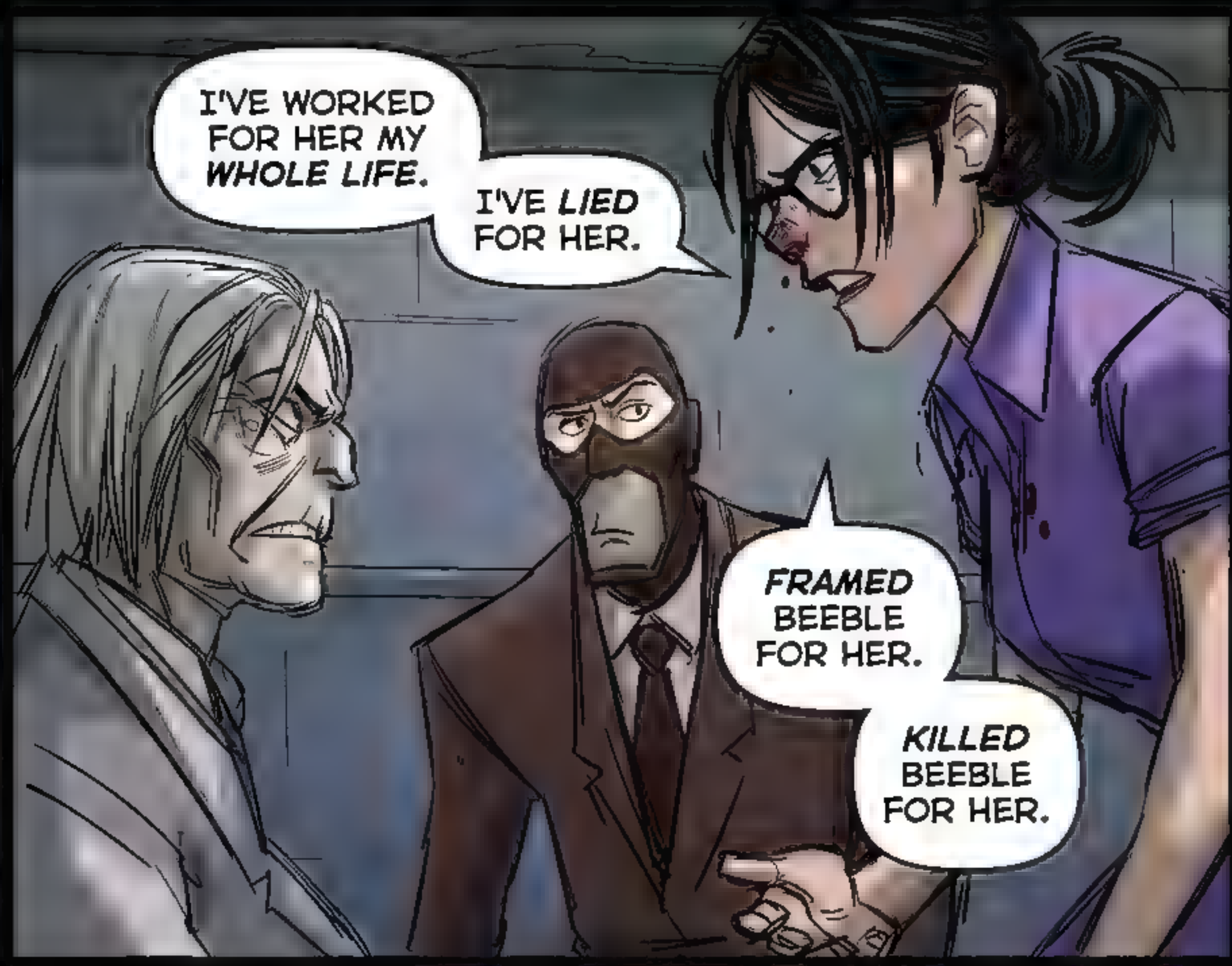
IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE.







STOB HER?
WHY WOULD I STOB HER?



I'VE WORKED FOR HER MY WHOLE LIFE.

I'VE LIED FOR HER.

FRAMED BEEBLE FOR HER.

KILLED BEEBLE FOR HER.



DO YOU THINK I'D DO ALL THAT IF I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS?

WHAT SHE'S CABABLE OF?

DO YOU THINK I'M SOME KIND OF STUBID BAWN HERE?

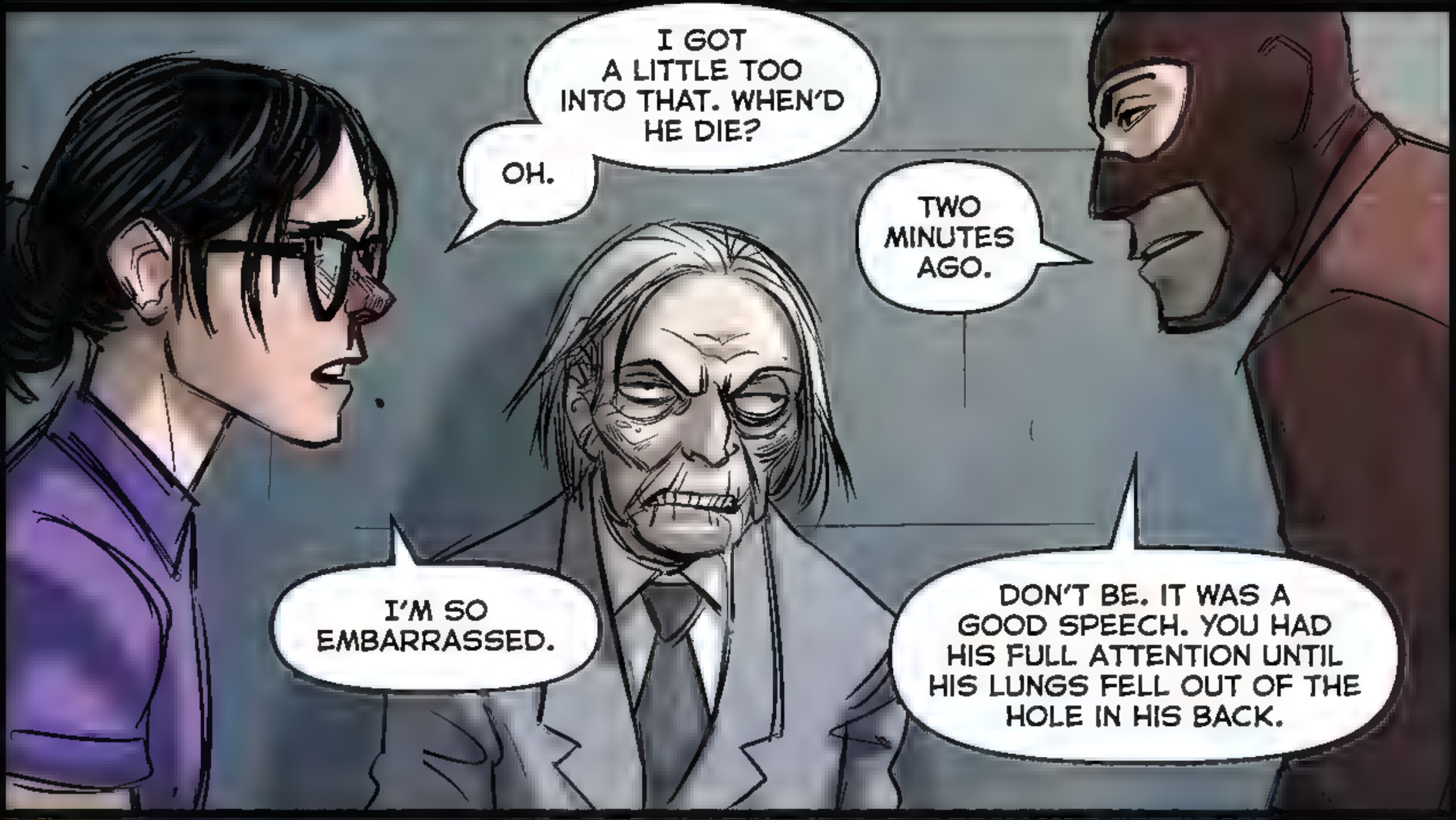
MISS PAULING.



I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE COULD DO WITH THAT KIND OF BOWER.

AND I'LL BE RIGHT THERE WITH HER WHEN SHE DOES IT, YOU OLD...

COUGH MISS PAULING.



I GOT
A LITTLE TOO
INTO THAT. WHEN'D
HE DIE?

OH.

TWO
MINUTES
AGO.

I'M SO
EMBARRASSED.

DON'T BE. IT WAS A
GOOD SPEECH. YOU HAD
HIS FULL ATTENTION UNTIL
HIS LUNGS FELL OUT OF THE
HOLE IN HIS BACK.



I GOT A LITTLE TOO INTO THAT. WHEN'D HE DIE?

OH.

TWO MINUTES AGO.

I'M SO EMBARRASSED.

DON'T BE. IT WAS A GOOD SPEECH. YOU HAD HIS FULL ATTENTION UNTIL HIS LUNGS FELL OUT OF THE HOLE IN HIS BACK.



YOU'VE LIED FOR HER, THEN.

I, UH... TO... OTHER... BEEBLE.

NOT YOU.



MM.

YES, OF COURSE.



YES.
DEFINITELY
DEAD.

FOR AT
LEAST SIX
HOURS.

HRM.



YES.
DEFINITELY
DEAD.

FOR AT
LEAST SIX
HOURS.

HRM.

COO

WELL, NOT
IMPOSSIBLE,
ARCHIMEDES.

JUST
VERY VERY
HARD.



GOD'S SECRET BASE,
HEAVEN.

BUT
I DON'T WANT
TO GO.



I WANT
TO STAY
HERE.
WITH
YOU.

GOD'S SECRET BASE,
HEAVEN.

BUT
I DON'T WANT
TO GO.

I WANT
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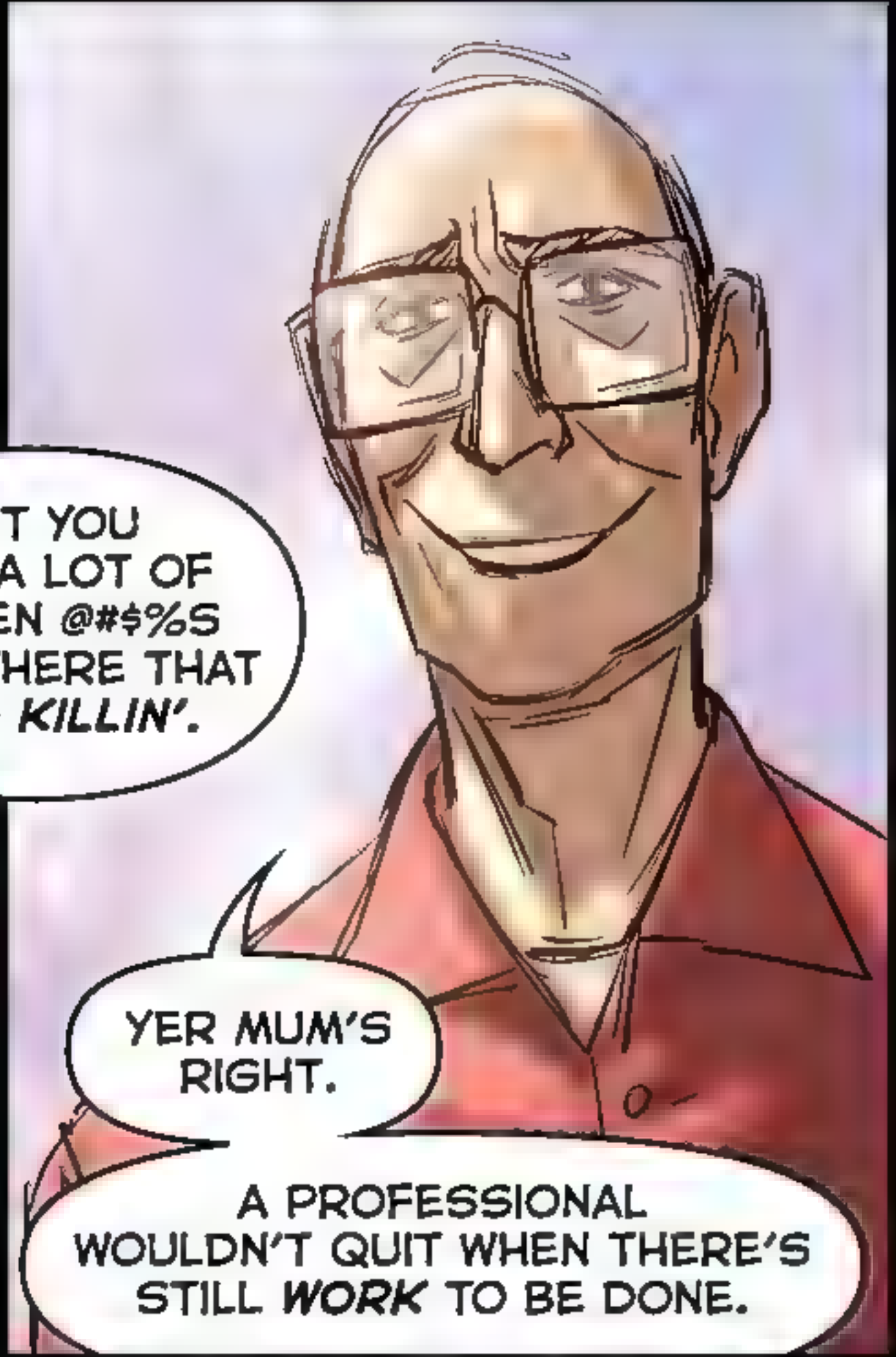
AND WE
WANT YA
TA STAY,
DEAR.



BUT YOU
LEFT A LOT OF
ROTTEN @#%S
DOWN THERE THAT
NEED KILLIN'.

YER MUM'S
RIGHT.

A PROFESSIONAL
WOULDN'T QUIT WHEN THERE'S
STILL WORK TO BE DONE.

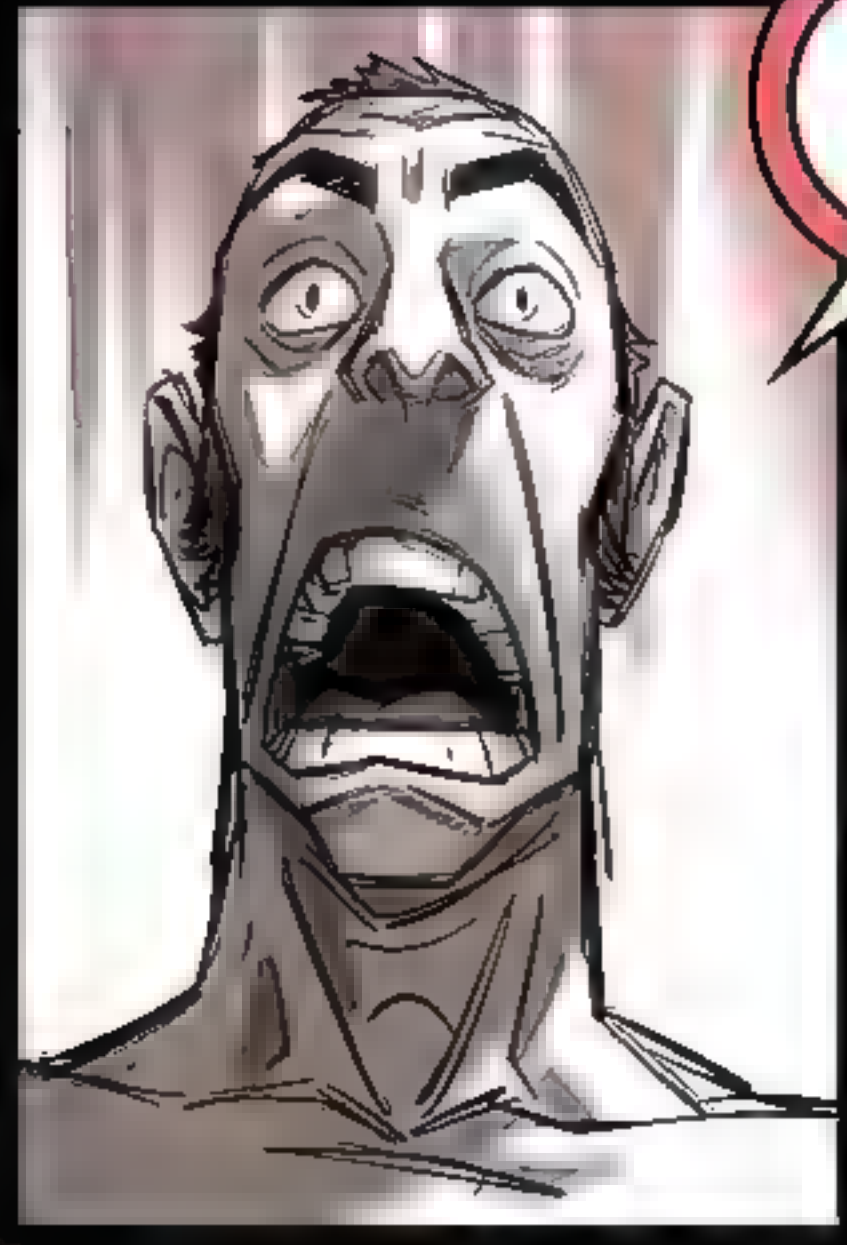


AND YOU ARE A
PROFESSIONAL, SON.



NOW GET
BACK THERE
AND GIVE 'EM
HELL.





≡GASP≡

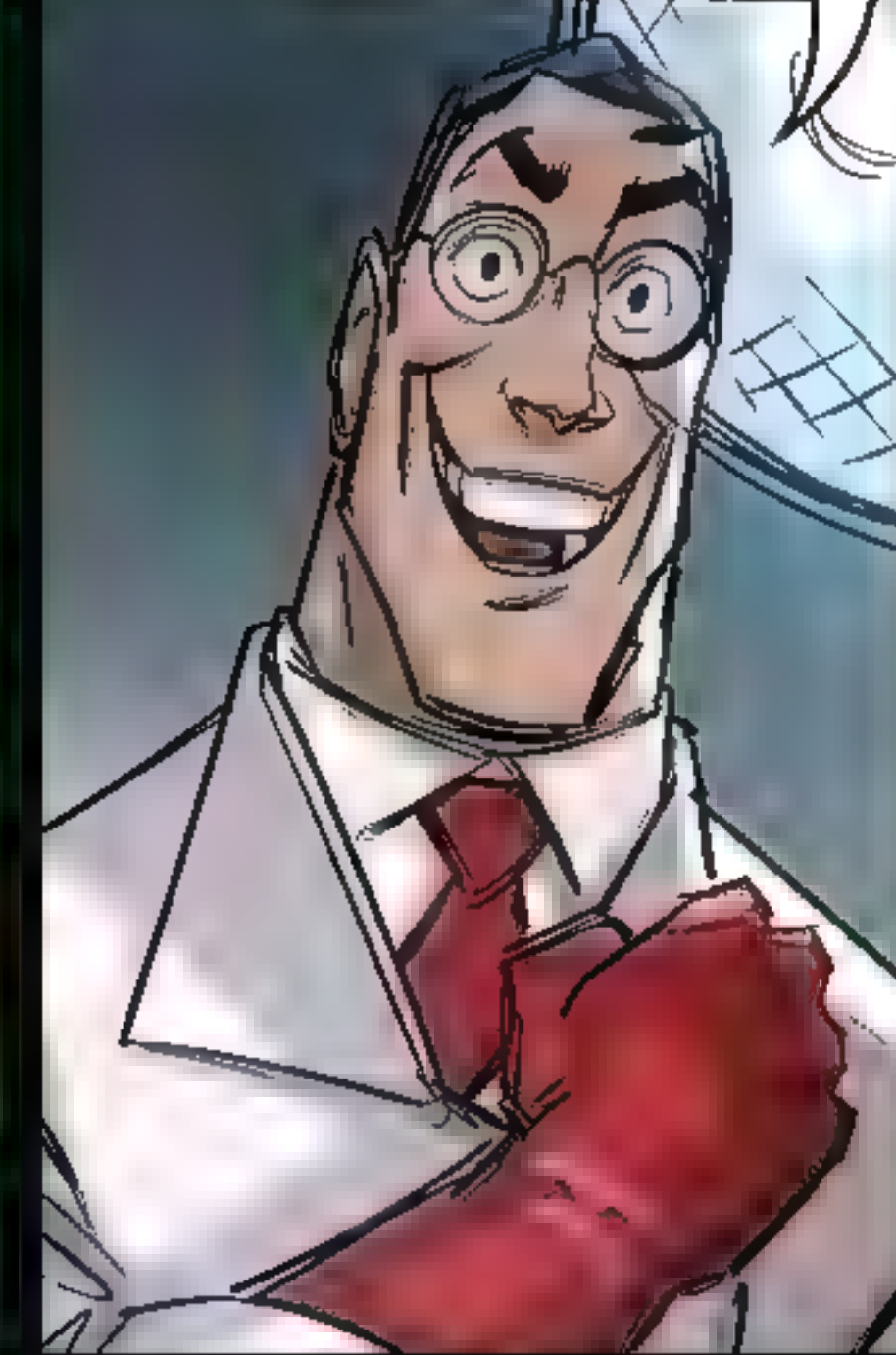
GASP

BLOODY HELL...

AH! GOOD. YOU SURVIVED THE PROCEDURE.

I WAS WORRIED THERE WOULD BE NO WITNESSES TO MY CROWNING MEDICAL ACHIEVEMENT!

IT'S LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SAID! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH PLAYING GOD, SO LONG AS YOU ARE GOOD AT-





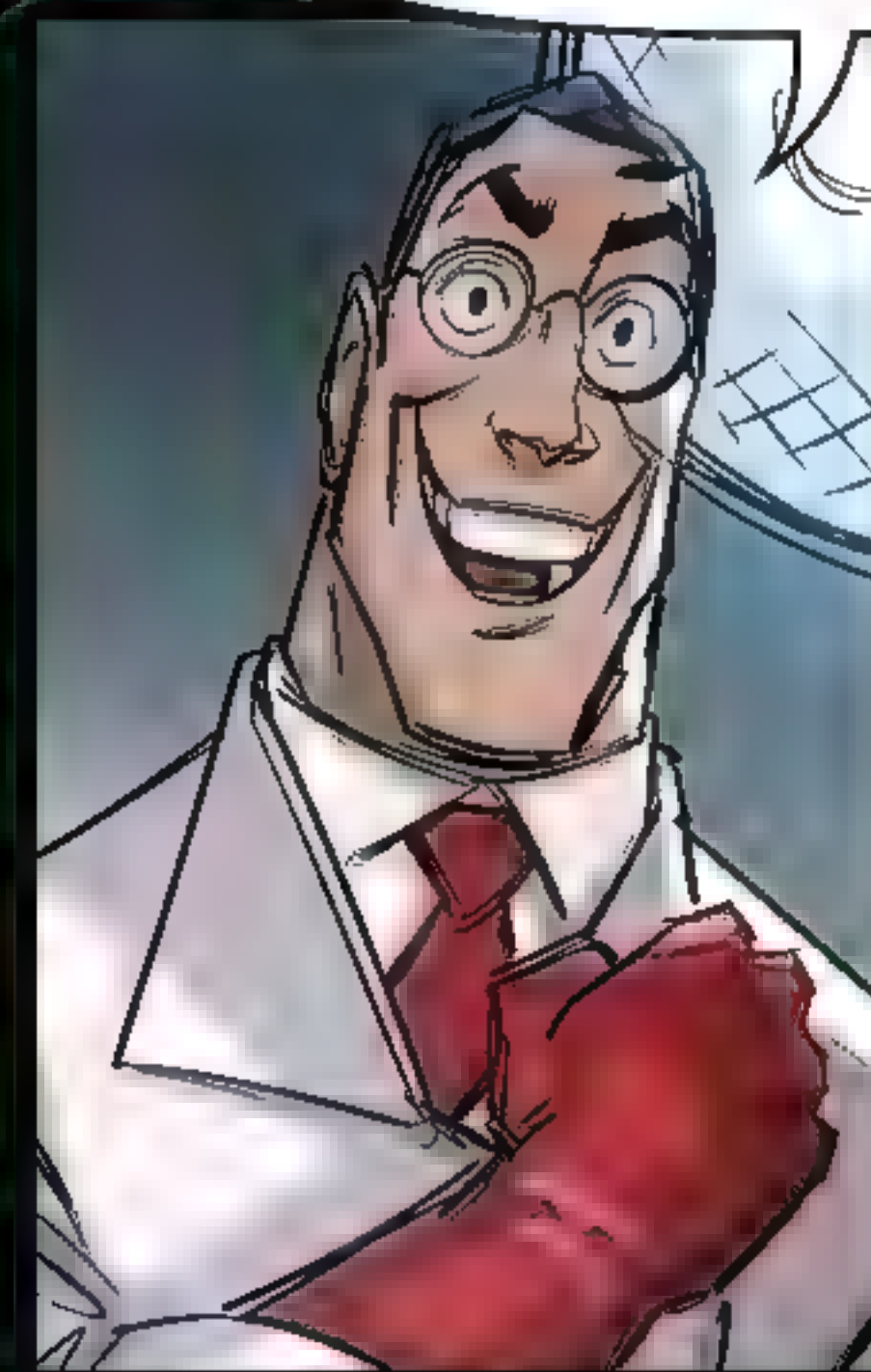
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SMASH

YOU
UTTER...
BLOODY...

BASTARD.



SMASH

YOU
UTTER...
BLOODY...

BASTARD.

YOU
KILLED
ME!

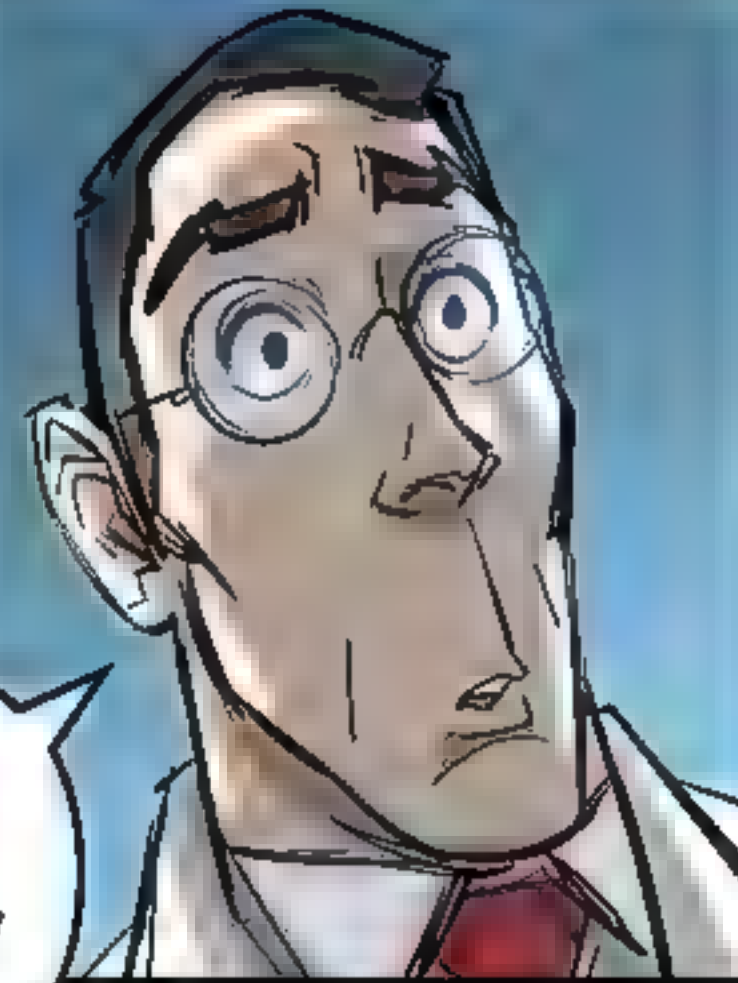
WELL, YES.
I ALSO DID JUST BRING
YOU BACK FROM THE
DEAD. PARTIAL POINTS
THERE, JA?

ALSO,
TECHNICALLY
I DIDN'T "KILL" YOU.
I WAS STANDING NEXT
TO THE PERSON WHO
KILLED YOU.

YOU WERE
SMILIN'.

THE LAST
THING I SAW
'FORE I BLEED OUT
AND DIED WAS
YOUR SMUG,
EVIL GRIN!

I WAS
HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
THAT'S JUST HOW I
LOOK WHEN I SMILE!
SMUG AND EVIL!



SMASH

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UTTER...
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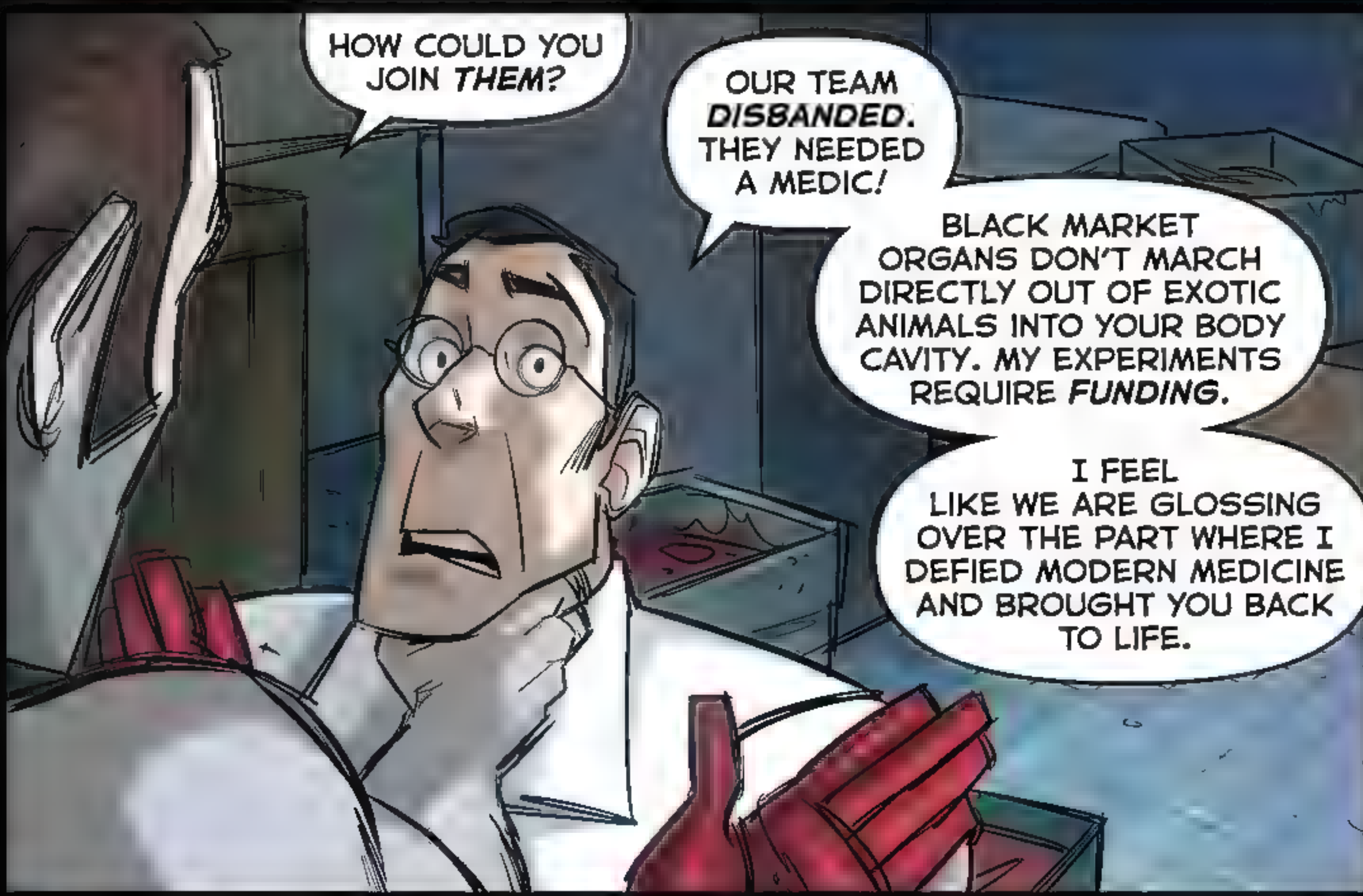
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SEE?

I WAS
HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
THAT'S JUST HOW I
LOOK WHEN I SMILE!
SMUG AND EVIL!



HOW COULD YOU JOIN THEM?

OUR TEAM **DISBANDED**. THEY NEEDED A MEDIC!

BLACK MARKET ORGANS DON'T MARCH DIRECTLY OUT OF EXOTIC ANIMALS INTO YOUR BODY CAVITY. MY EXPERIMENTS REQUIRE **FUNDING**.

I FEEL LIKE WE ARE GLOSSING OVER THE PART WHERE I DEFIED MODERN MEDICINE AND BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE.



HOW... LONG WAS I GONE?

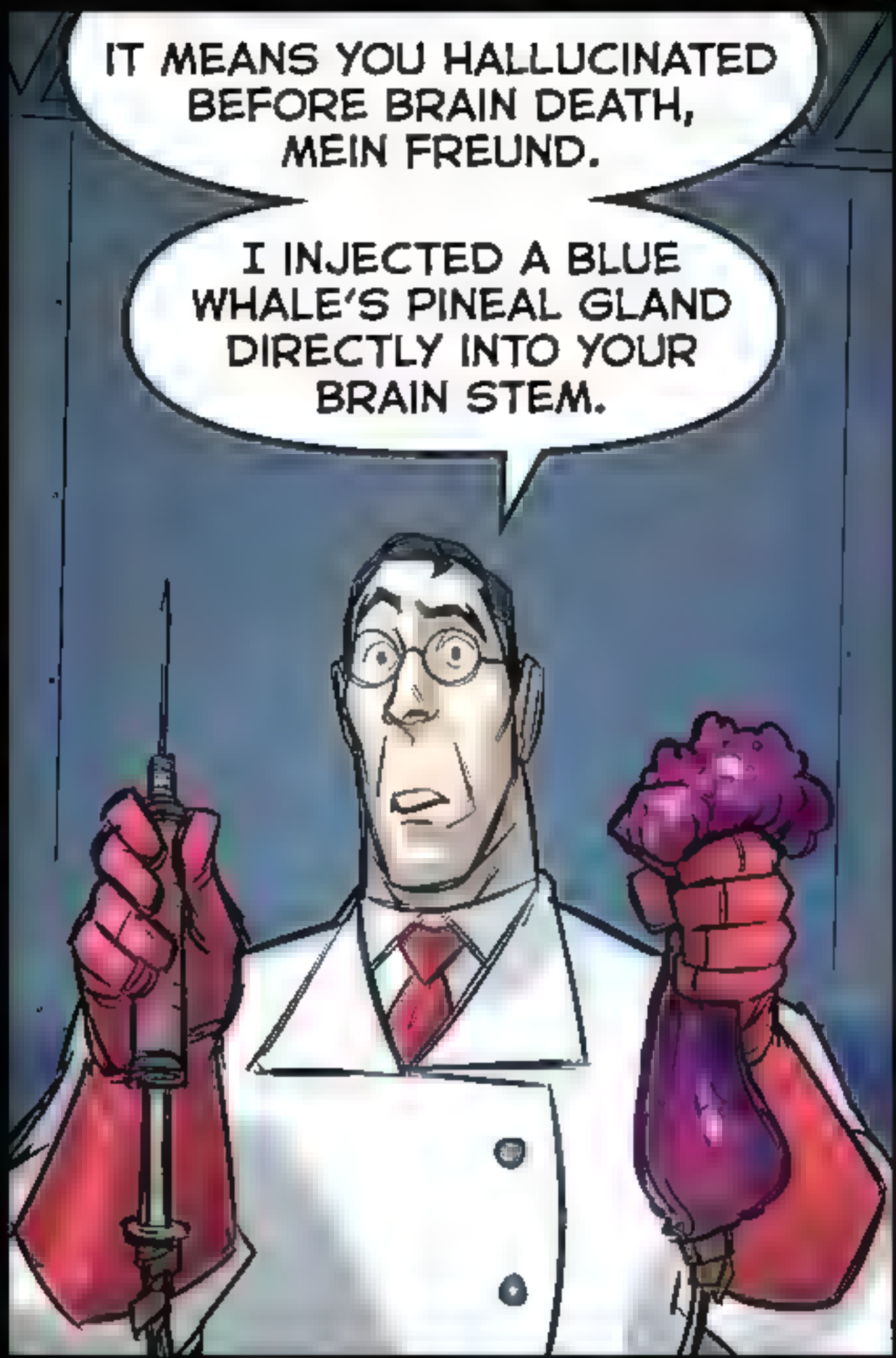
TWELVE HOURS! THIS WAS MY GREATEST TRIUMPH!

IT ALSO COST MY EMPLOYERS SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 1.3 BILLION DOLLARS. SO TRY NOT TO GET SHOT AGAIN.



SO IT WAS REAL, THEN. ME MUM AND DAD, THEY'RE...

D'YER KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?



IT MEANS YOU HALLUCINATED BEFORE BRAIN DEATH, MEIN FREUND.

I INJECTED A BLUE WHALE'S PINEAL GLAND DIRECTLY INTO YOUR BRAIN STEM.

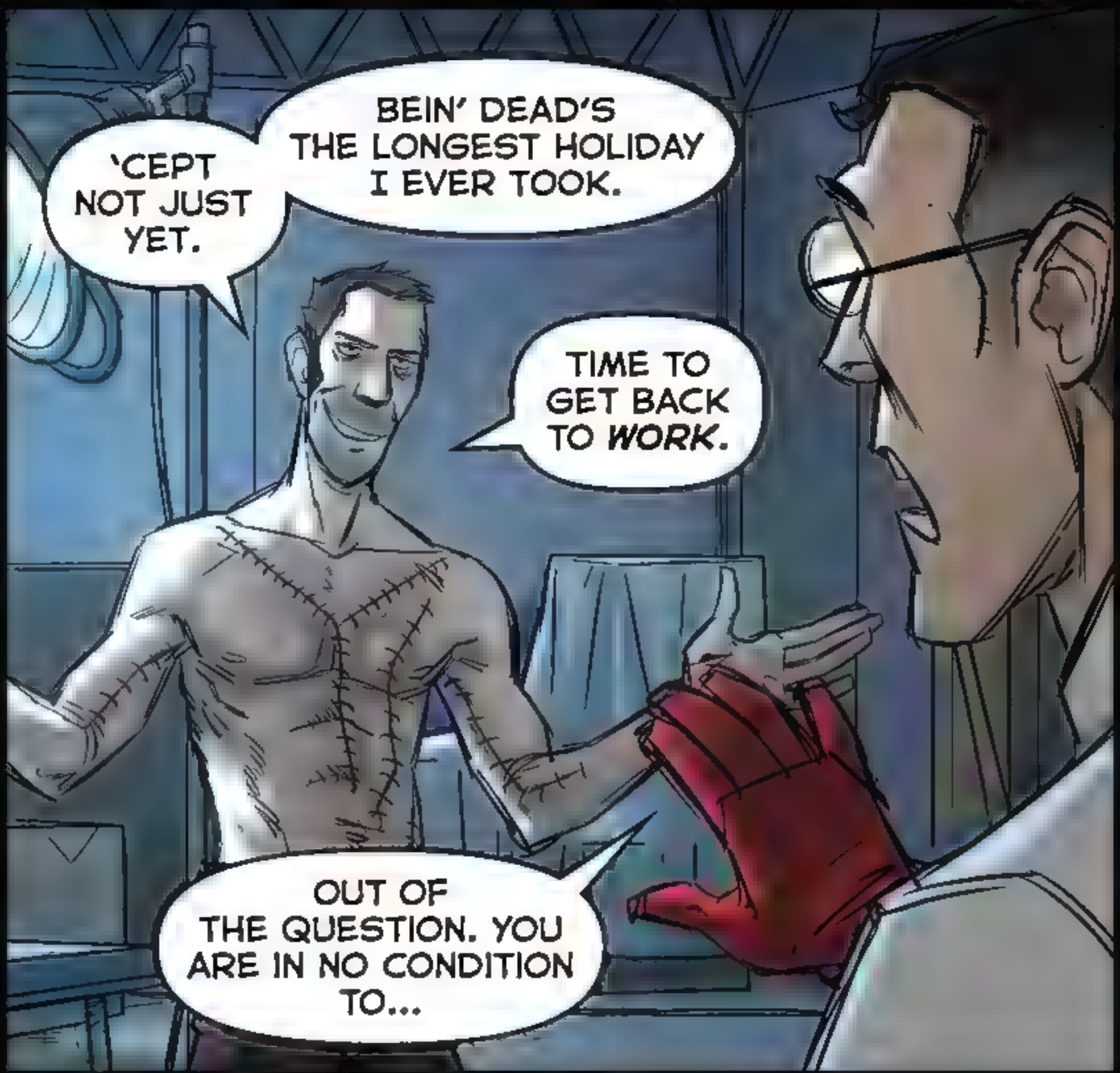


NAH, MATE.

IT MEANS I'M THE **MOST DANGEROUS BLOODY MAN** ON THIS ISLAND.

I KNOW WHAT'S WAITIN' FOR ME WHEN I KARK IT.

I AIN'T AFRAID TO DIE.



'CEPT NOT JUST YET.

BEIN' DEAD'S THE LONGEST HOLIDAY I EVER TOOK.

TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK.

OUT OF THE QUESTION. YOU ARE IN NO CONDITION TO...



YOU ARE
@#%#@#%#ING
KIDDIN' ME.

WHY.

IS HE.

ALIVE?



OH!
HA HA HA...
WELL.

EVERY DOCTOR
NEEDS A CADAVER
OR TWO FOR HIS
EXPERIMENTS.

I CANNOT
HELP IT IF I AM
TOO GOOD AT
MY JOB, JA?



YOU ARE @\$%@\$%ING KIDDIN' ME.

WHY.

IS HE.

ALIVE?



ARCHIMEDES!
GET OFF THAT
MAN'S SHOULDER!
IT'S FIL-



GRAB



OH!
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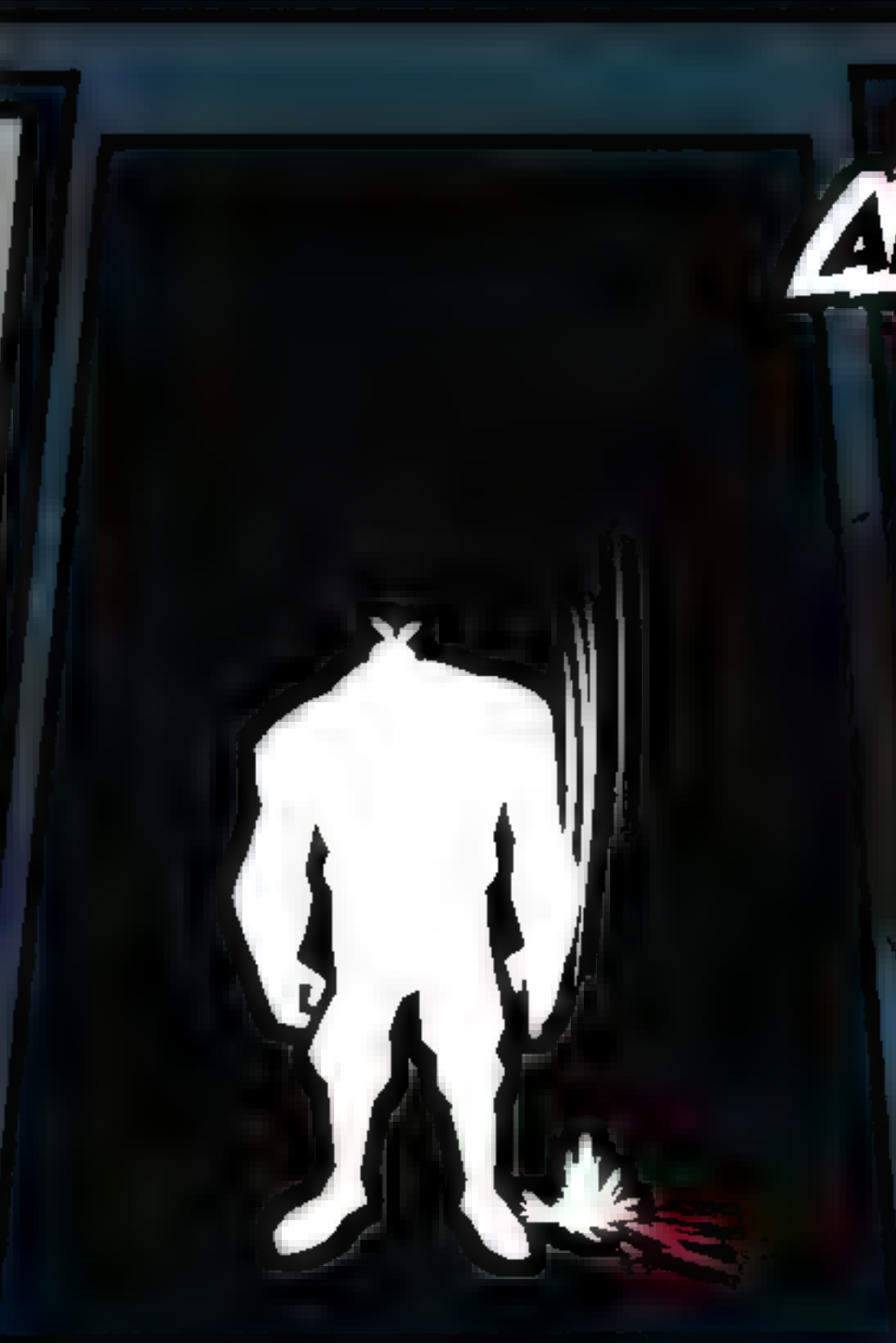
OH! HA HA HA... WELL.

EVERY DOCTOR NEEDS A CADAVER OR TWO FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS.

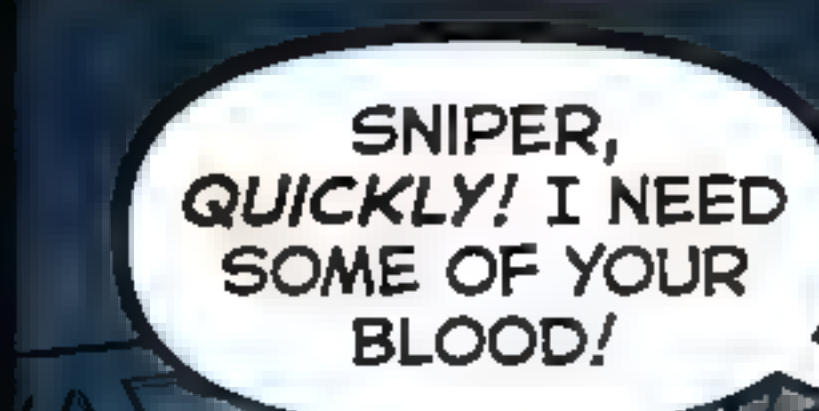
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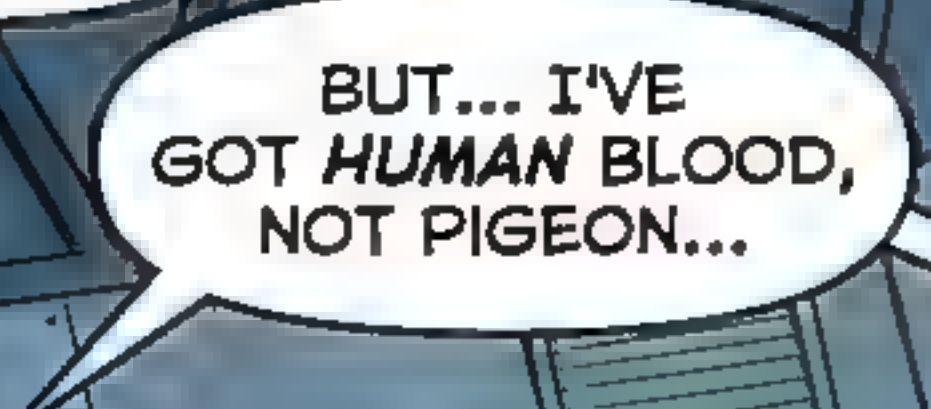
ARCHIMEDES! GET OFF THAT MAN'S SHOULDER! IT'S FIL-



ARCHIMEDES!



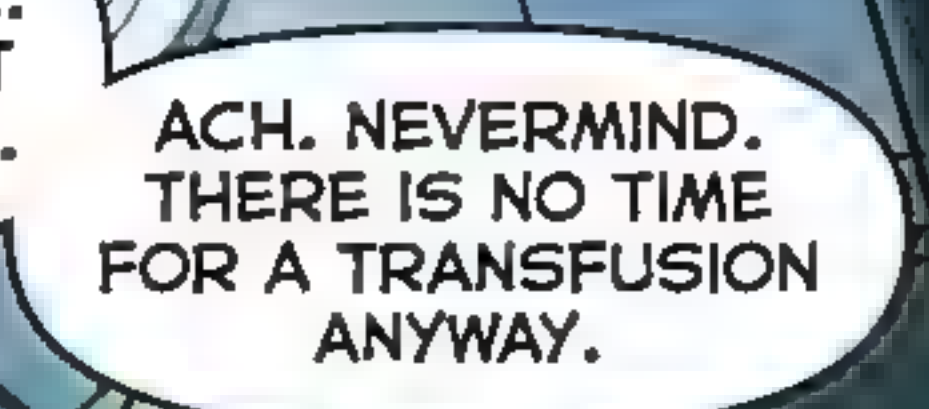
SNIPER, QUICKLY! I NEED SOME OF YOUR BLOOD!



BUT... I'VE GOT HUMAN BLOOD, NOT PIGEON...




AHEH... ABOUT THAT...




ACH. NEVERMIND. THERE IS NO TIME FOR A TRANSFUSION ANYWAY.





FOR THE RECORD, I WAS AGAINST HIRIN' YOUR CRAZY ASS.



FIRST THING YOU DID WHEN YOU GOT HERE WAS SPEND OUR ENTIRE MEDICAL BUDGET ON ZOO PARTS.


AND I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'.



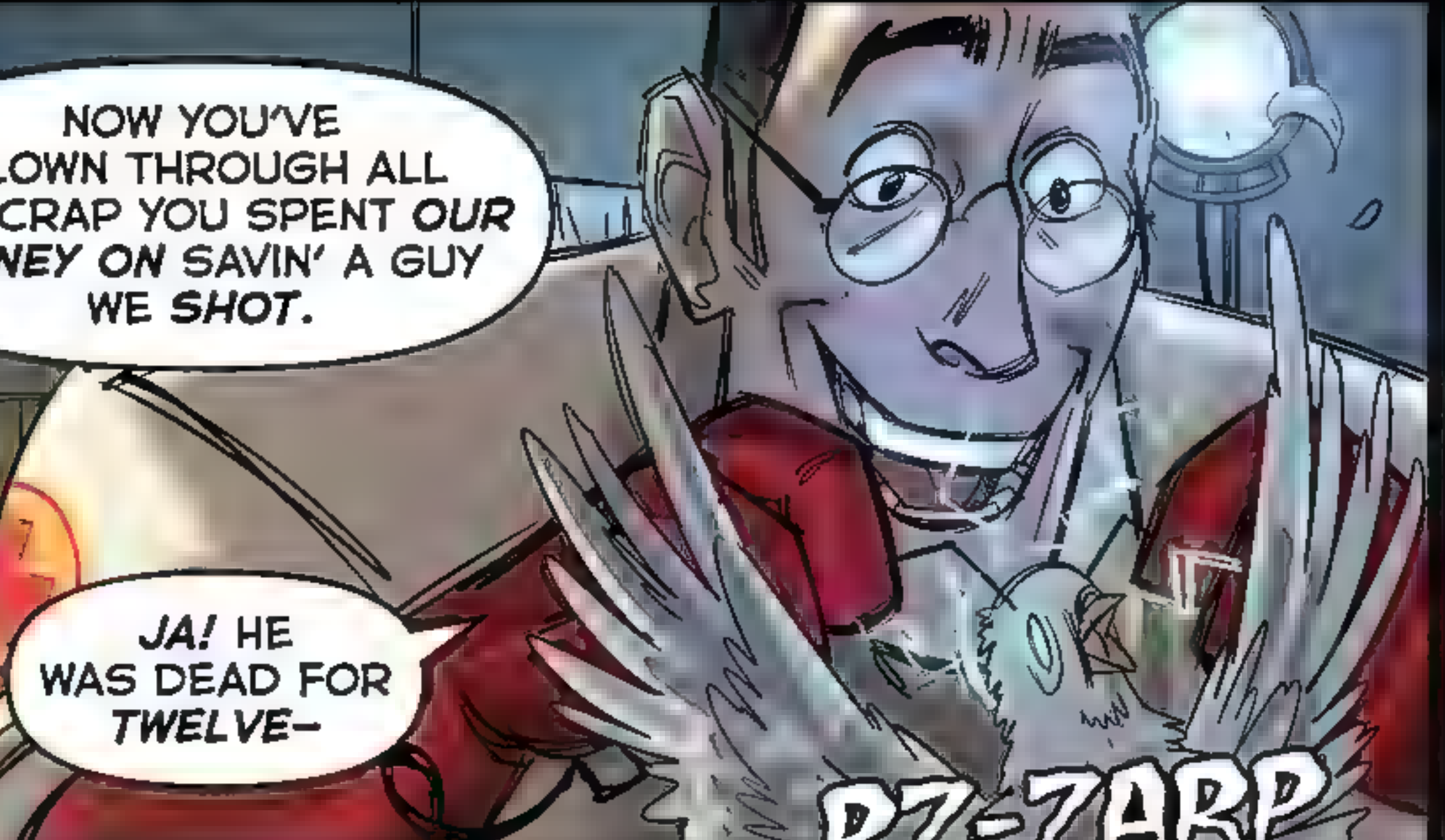
WHAM

THEN YOU STARTED EXPERIMENTIN' ON US. PUTTIN' GOD KNOWS WHAT IN US. WITHOUT MY SAY-SO.

AND I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'.



NOW YOU'VE BLOWN THROUGH ALL THE CRAP YOU SPENT OUR MONEY ON SAVIN' A GUY WE SHOT.



JA! HE WAS DEAD FOR TWELVE-

PZ-ZARP



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JA! HE WAS DEAD FOR TWELVE--

PZ-ZARP



WE SHOT HIM!

TWICE!

THAT MEANS WE WANTED HIM DEAD, YOU USELESS KRAUT \$@#%!

RINNNNNNNNNING



WHAT NOW...

I AM NOT IN THE MOOD RIGHT NOW.

WHAT?

WHEN?

ROUND UP THE TEAM. I'M ON MY WAY.

SOMETHING WRONG?



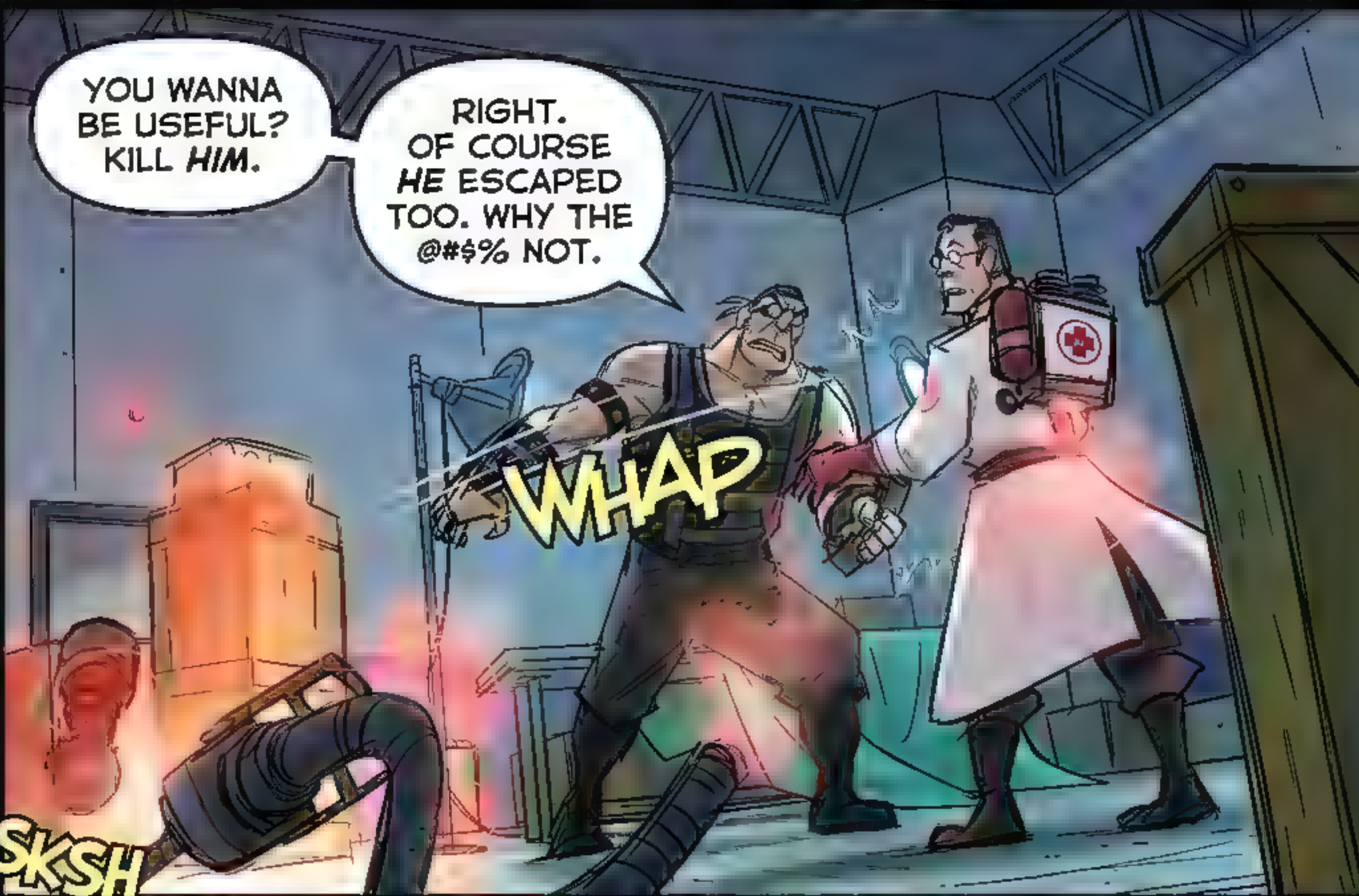
YOUR @#\$%ING FRIENDS JUST KILLED THREE GOOD MEN.

WE'RE MOVING OUT.



FINALLY! SOME FIELD WORK! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND Y—

THE HELL YOU WILL. I NEED MERCS OUT THERE. NOT NURSES.



YOU WANNA BE USEFUL? KILL HIM.

RIGHT. OF COURSE HE ESCAPED TOO. WHY THE @#\$% NOT.

WHAP

SKSH



LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, FRANKENSTEIN. YOU'RE ON OUR PAYROLL.

AND FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GONNA DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD.



ORGANIZE SOME BANDAIDS. FEED YOUR BIRDS. DO SOME @#%ING THING.

JUST DON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM.



COO



LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, FRANKENSTEIN. YOU'RE ON OUR PAYROLL.

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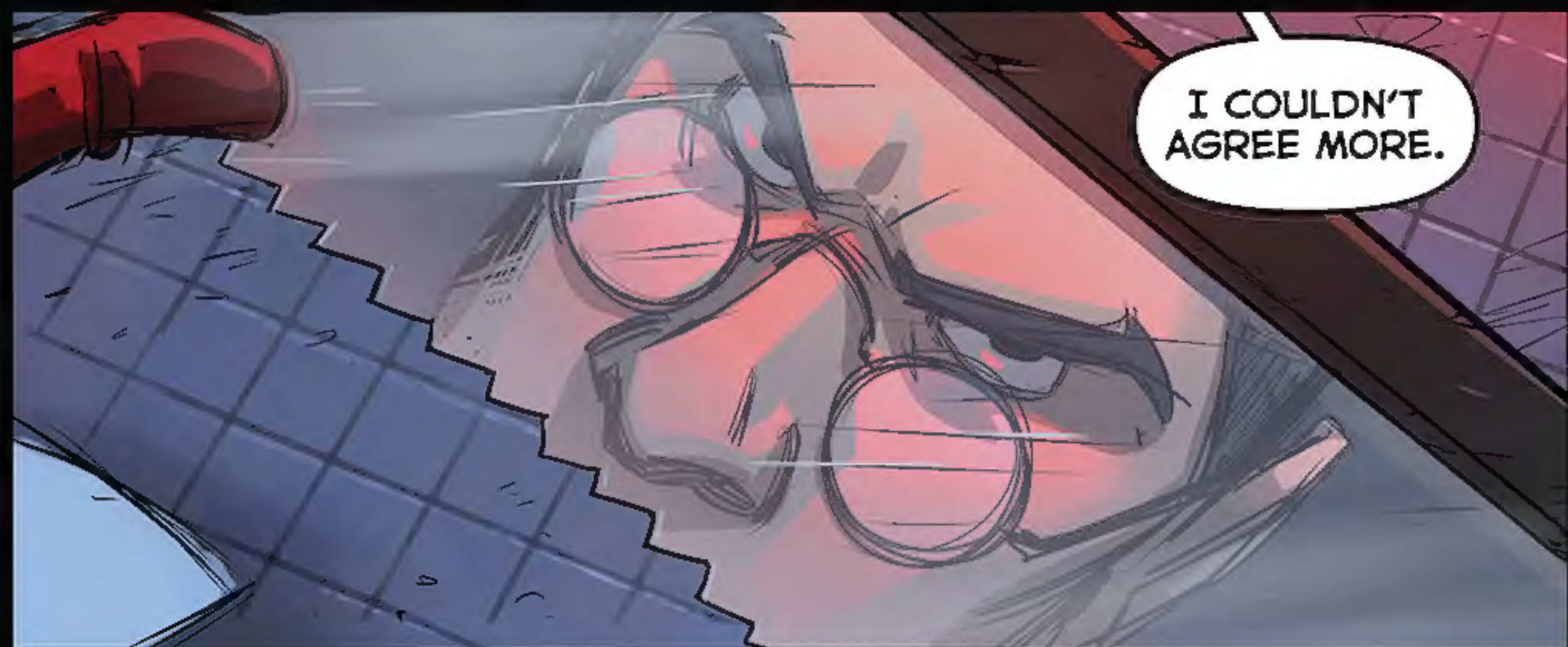


COO



HRM.

YES, ARCHIMEDES.



I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.



CAN YOU HEAR ME OUT THERE, REJECTS?

FIRST I COULDN'T FIGURE IT. THERE AIN'T NO AUSTRALIUM *THERE* ANYMORE. YOUR OLD LADY TOOK IT.

I BET YOU CAN.

SO, DID YOU KNOW GRAY MANN WAS GONNA INVADE AUSTRALIA?



BUT SEE, THERE *IS* SOME LEFT. IT JUST AIN'T IN ANY MINE.

IT'S IN THE PEOPLE.

SPY!

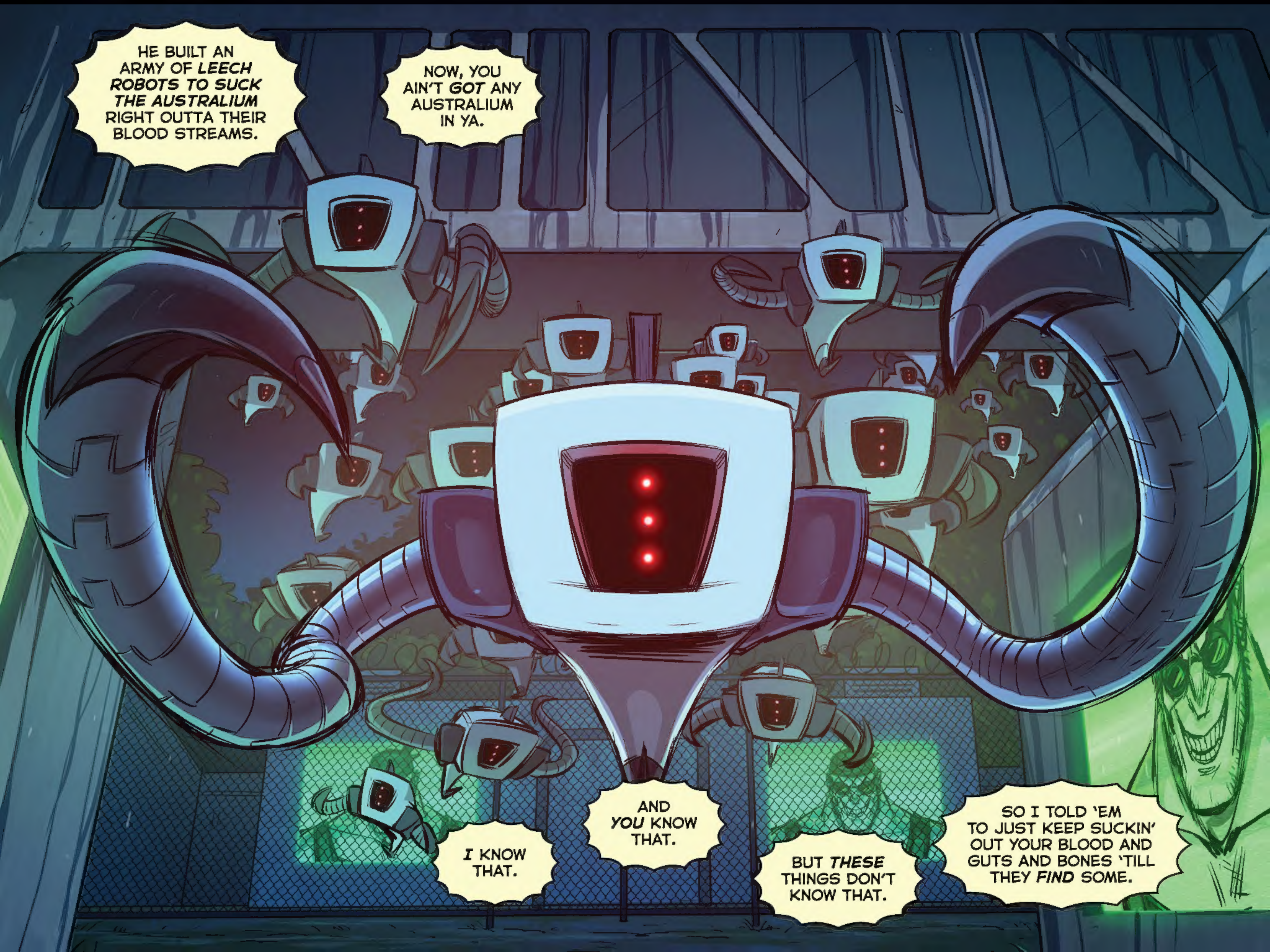


DID YOU FIND A WAY OUT?



TECHNICALLY, YES.

YOU CAN JUST MAKE IT OUT BEHIND THE OCEAN OF ROBOTS.



HE BUILT AN
ARMY OF LEECH
ROBOTS TO SUCK
THE AUSTRALIUM
RIGHT OUTTA THEIR
BLOOD STREAMS.

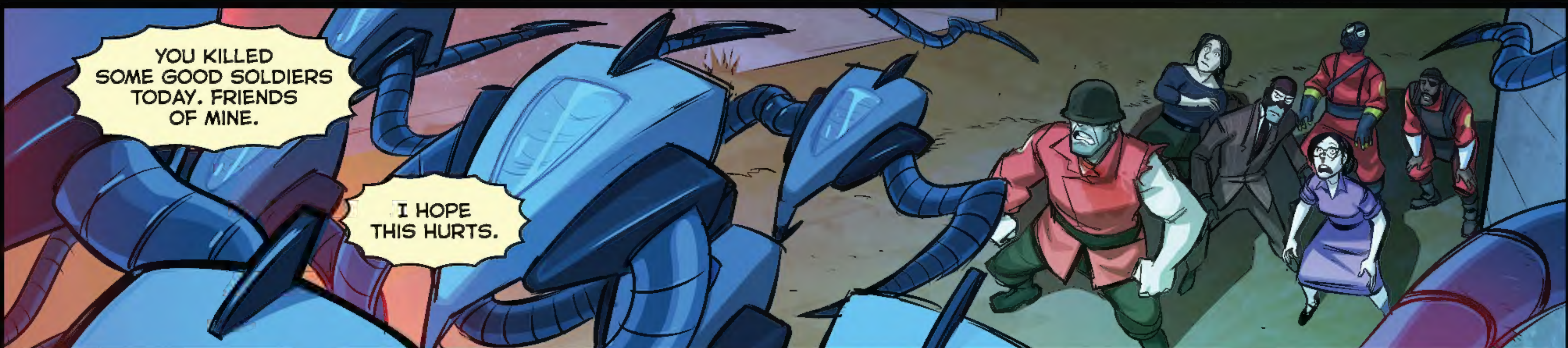
NOW, YOU
AIN'T GOT ANY
AUSTRALIUM
IN YA.

I KNOW
THAT.

AND
YOU KNOW
THAT.

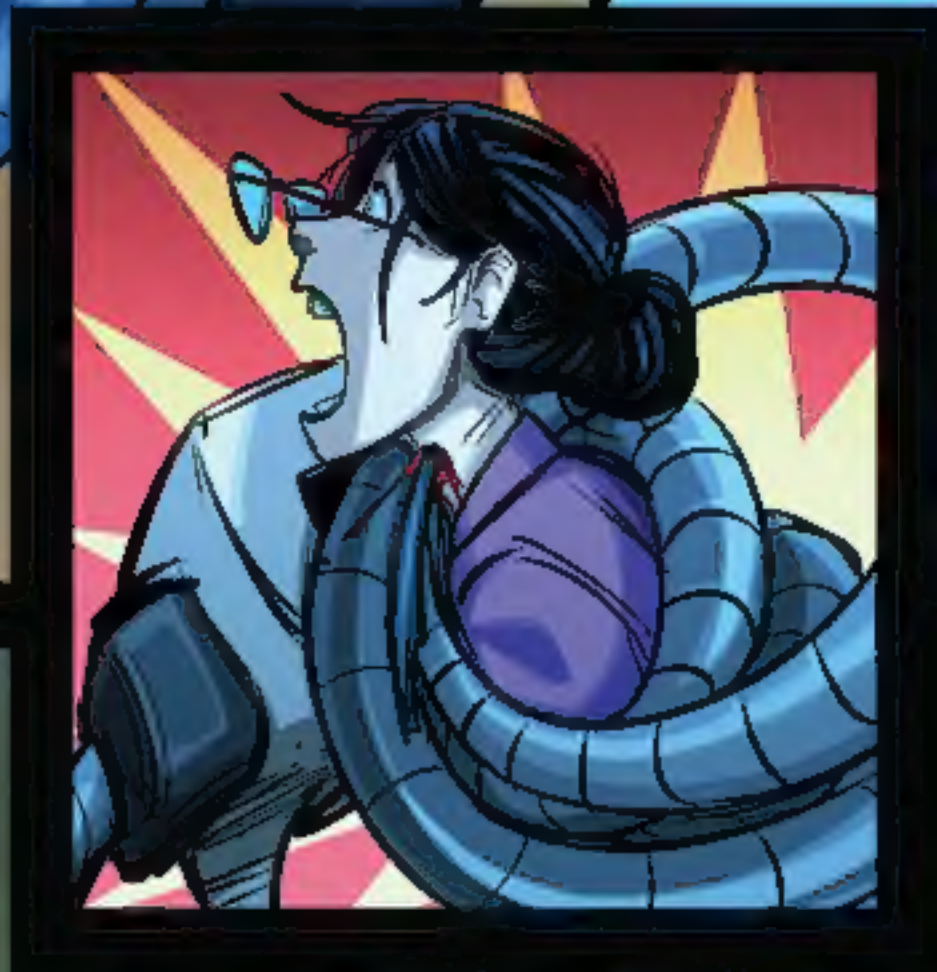
BUT *THESE*
THINGS DON'T
KNOW THAT.

SO I TOLD 'EM
TO JUST KEEP SUCKIN'
OUT YOUR BLOOD AND
GUTS AND BONES 'TILL
THEY *FIND* SOME.



YOU KILLED
SOME GOOD SOLDIERS
TODAY. FRIENDS
OF MINE.

I HOPE
THIS HURTS.



TO BE CONTINUED

(ONLY TWO ISSUES LEFT!)